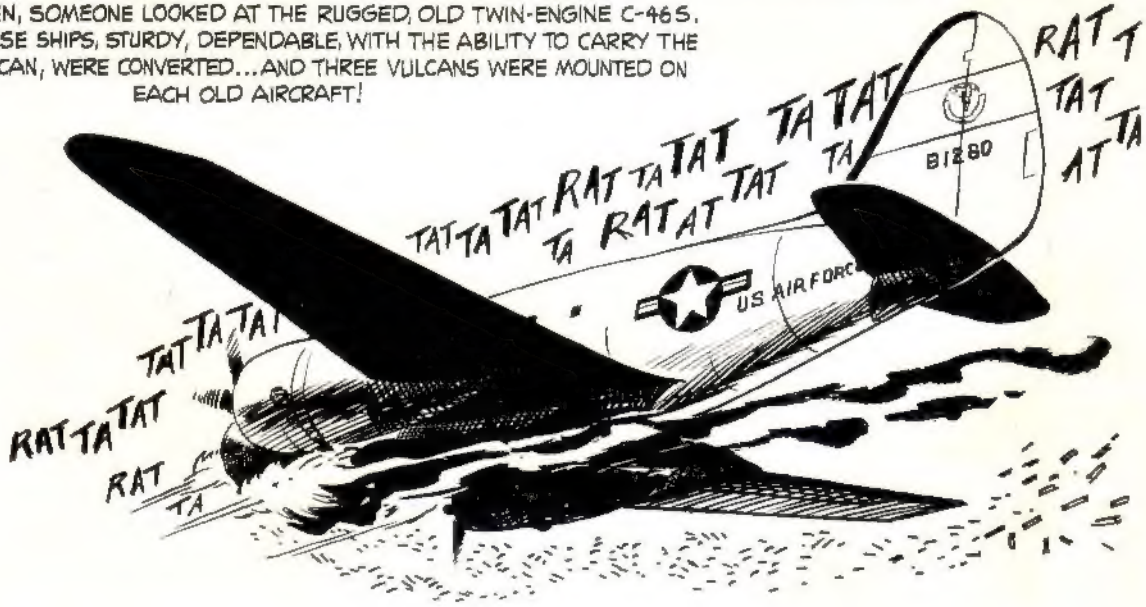
DELL
12c
12-010-808
AUGUST
AIR WAR
STORIES
JET ATTACK!
A NEW FIGHTER CHALLENGES THE MASTERY OF THE SKIES!
THEY'RE TOO FAST FOR US! WE'VE HAD IT!
I--ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

OLD RELIABLE

THE RECENTLY PERFECTED VULCAN, A ROTATING 6 BARREL WEAPON FIRING 6,000 20 MM SHELLS PER MINUTE, IS AN IDEAL WEAPON FOR ANY BRUSHFIRE WAR...

THIS ROTARY FIRING CANNON WAS GREAT BUT IN THE SUPERSONIC JETS, THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TIME ON THE TARGET BEFORE A CONCENTRATED FIRE EFFECT COULD BE ACHIEVED.

THEN, SOMEONE LOOKED AT THE RUGGED, OLD TWIN-ENGINE C-46S. THESE SHIPS, STURDY, DEPENDABLE, WITH THE ABILITY TO CARRY THE VULCAN, WERE CONVERTED...AND THREE VULCANS WERE MOUNTED ON EACH OLD AIRCRAFT!

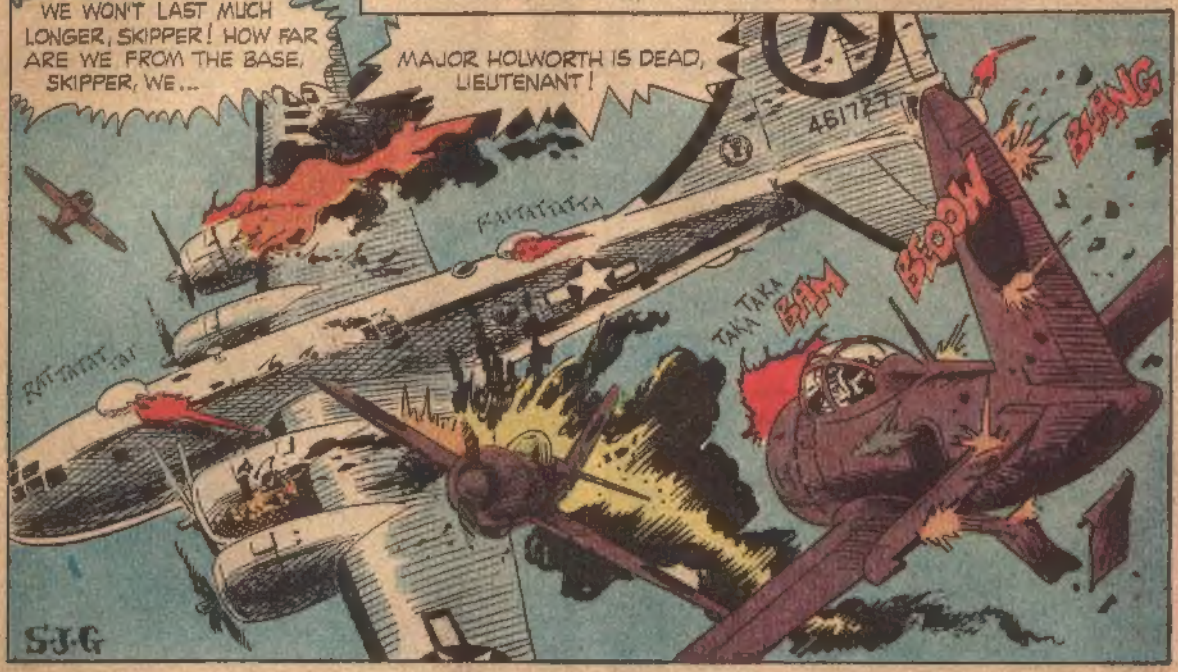


FLYING LOW AND SLOW, WITH THE THREE VULCANS DELIVERING THEIR COMBINED FIREPOWER OF 18,000 ROUNDS PER MINUTE, EACH ONE AN EXPLOSIVE SHELL, THE MARRIAGE OF NEW GUN AND OLD WARHORSE WAS TERMED PERFECT! THIS WAS AN ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF BRUSHFIRE WAR...ONE LONG BURST FROM THIS NEW WEAPON COULD COMPLETELY COVER AN AREA THE SIZE OF A FOOTBALL FIELD **IN JUST 3 SECONDS!**

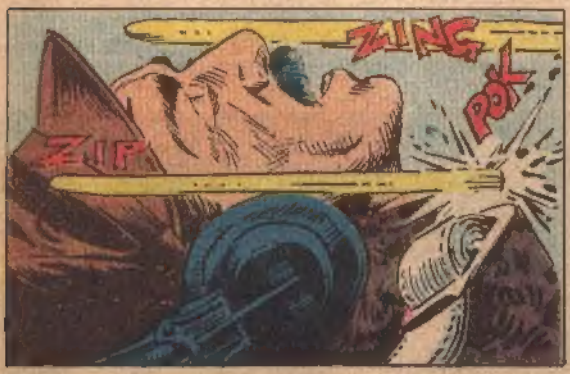
AIR WAR STORIES

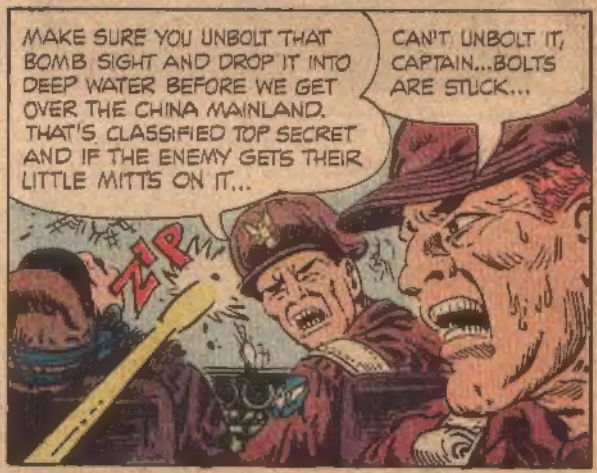
B29 DOWN

THE GIANT BOMBER, RETURNING TO ITS CHINA BASE AFTER A RAID AGAINST AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY IN JAPAN, RAN INTO A SWARM OF THE NEW HIGH-PERFORMANCE KAWANISHI N1K2-J FIGHTERS OVER THE SEA OF JAPAN! MAJOR JIGGS HOLWORTH'S CREW STOOD BY THEIR .50 CAL. MACHINE GUNS AND SHOT DOWN FIGHTER AFTER FIGHTER...BUT THE END WAS INEVITABLE!



MAJOR HOLWORTH, VETERAN OF 38 MISSIONS OVER THE JAPANESE HOMELAND, HAD FINALLY FALLEN VICTIM TO THE LAW OF AVERAGES...




MAKE SURE YOU UNBOLT THAT BOMB SIGHT AND DROP IT INTO DEEP WATER BEFORE WE GET OVER THE CHINA MAINLAND. THAT'S CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET AND IF THE ENEMY GETS THEIR LITTLE MITTS ON IT...
CAN'T UNBOLT IT, CAPTAIN...BOLTS ARE STUCK...
ZIP

AIR WAR STORIES, No. 8, August 1966. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. All rights reserved throughout the world. Single copy price 12¢. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A. Designed, produced, and copyright © 1966 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

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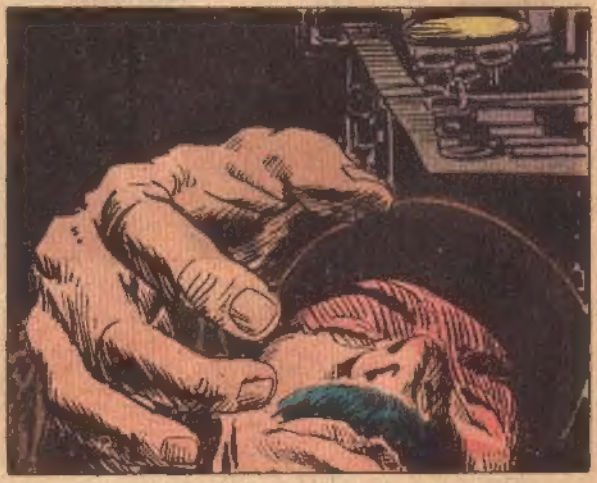
SERGEANT HENDRICKS WILL THROW THE DESTRUCT SWITCH AND THIS CRATE WILL BLOW ITSELF UP A FEW MINUTES AFTER WE BAIL OUT! BESIDES, SHE'LL BURN LIKE A TORCH WHEN SHE CRASHES...MELT THE BOMB SIGHT 30 SECONDS AFTER IT HITS!

THE CHINESE MAINLAND, MUCH OF IT STILL IN JAPANESE HANDS, WAS ALSO WHERE THE U.S. MAINTAINED SOME HUGE B-29 BOMBER BASES. NOW, AS THE SUPERFORTRESS WOBBLED OVERHEAD,

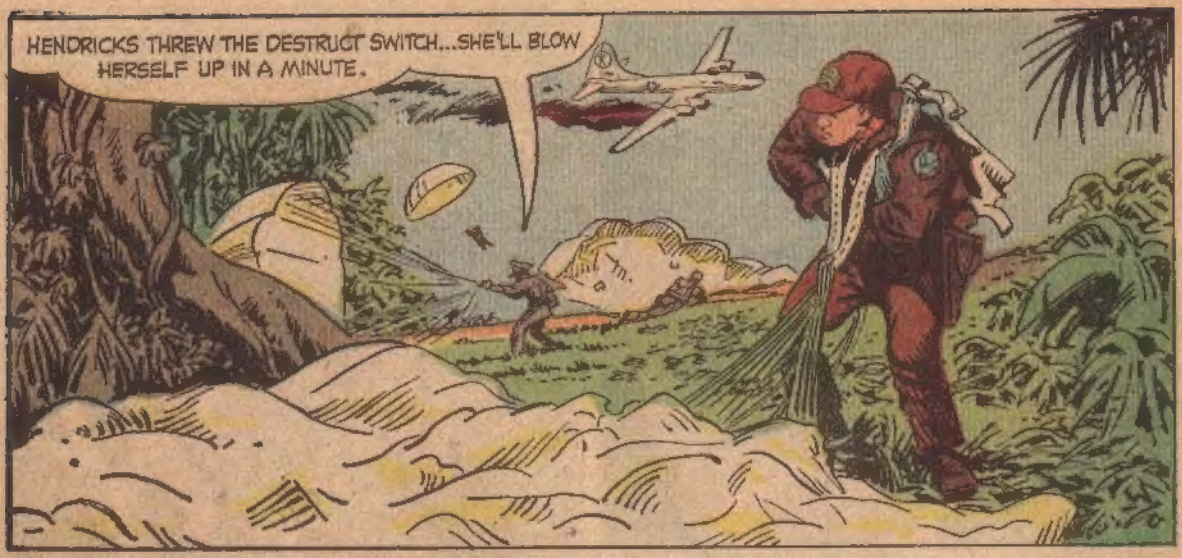
DID MAJOR HOLWORTH MOVE? HAD THERE BEEN LIFE LEFT IN THAT STILL FIGURE WHEN HIS CREW ABANDONED SHIP?



FUNNY...THE OLD LADY'S TRYING TO FLY HERSELF! IT'LL NOSE DOWN ANY SECOND AND...

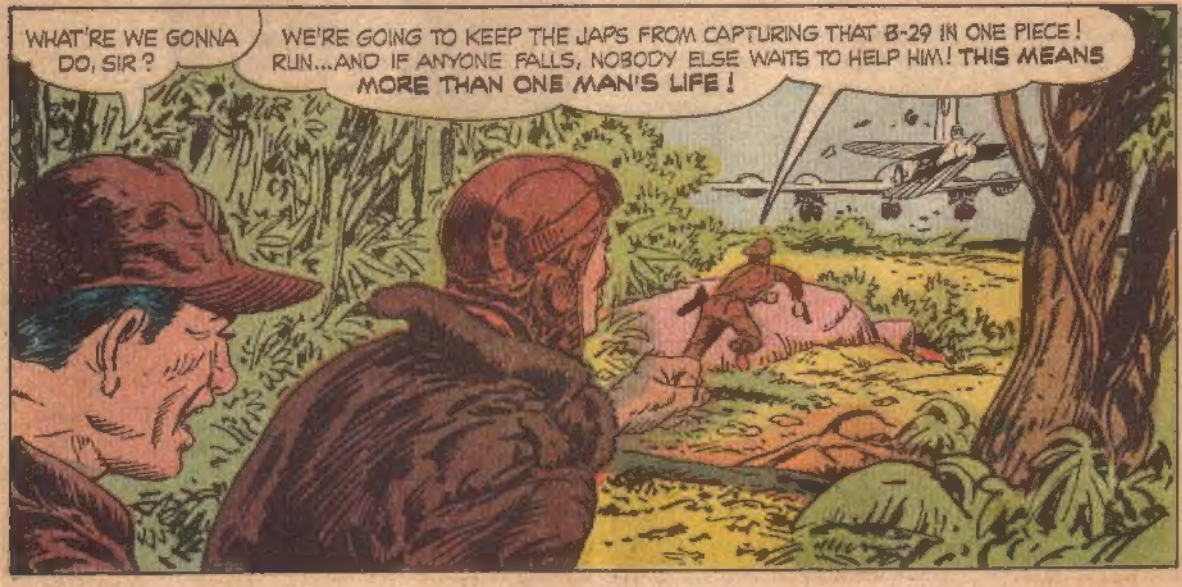
DIVE! CRASH! YOU CAN'T BE CAPTURED BY THE JAPS! IF THEY GET OUR BOMB SIGHT OR THE CODE BOOKS...

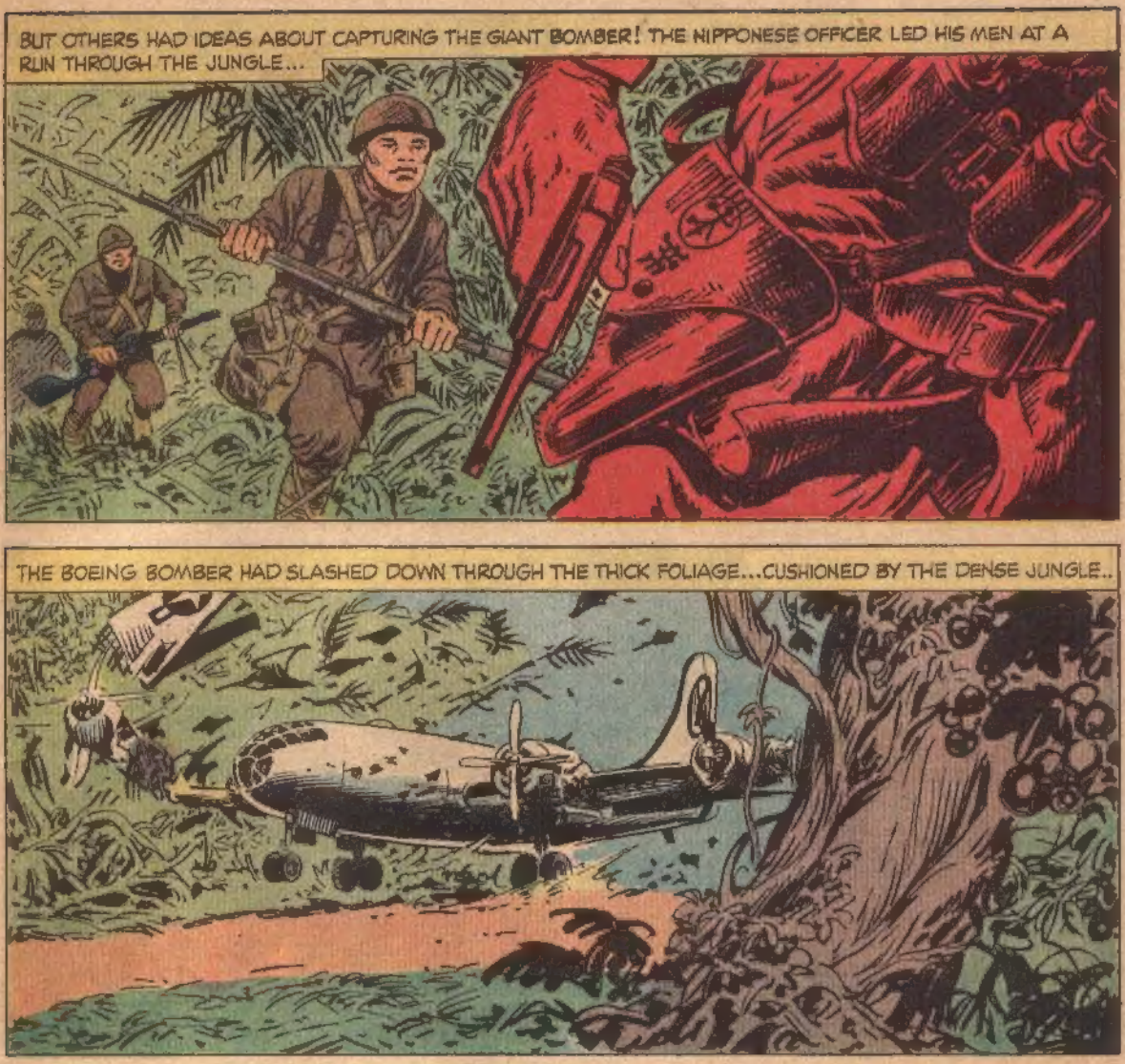
CAPTAIN AL WYATT TURNED WILDLY, TRYING TO KEEP THE DYING BOMBER IN SIGHT. HE HAD LOVED THAT PLANE AND THE MAN WHO'D COMMANDED IT...NOW, HE WAITED TO SEE THEM PERISH TOGETHER!
SO LONG, SKIPPER...TOO BAD IT HAD TO END THIS WAY.


HENDRICKS THREW THE DESTRUCT SWITCH...SHE'LL BLOW HERSELF UP IN A MINUTE.

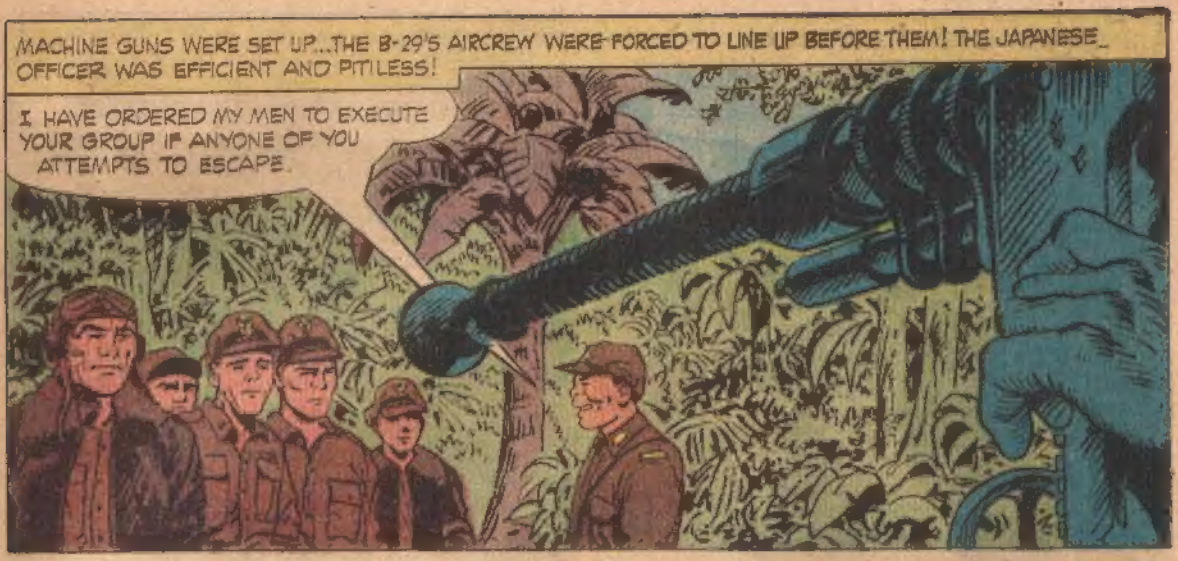
HOW LONG IS THAT DESTRUCT TIMER SET FOR, HENDRICKS?
I DIDN'T REACH THE SWITCH, SIR. I GOT HIT RIGHT AFTER YOU GAVE ME THE ORDER.... GUESS I WAS IN SHOCK...I BAILED OUT WITHOUT TURNING IT ON!

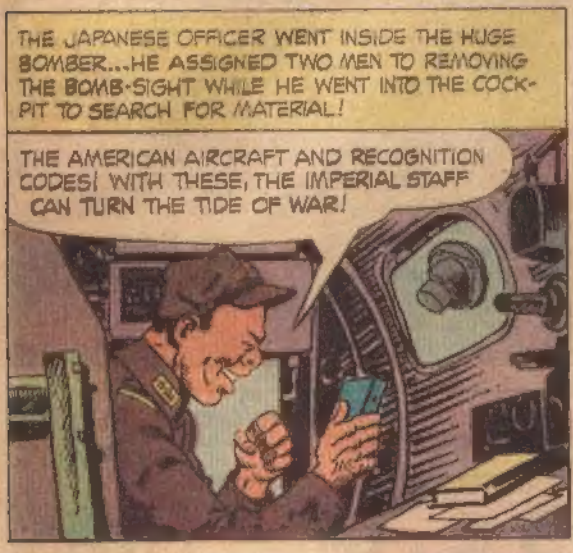
NO! THE BEST KEPT SECRET OF WORLD WAR II IS ABOUT TO FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS...AND WE'RE THE ONE'S WHO'LL BE RESPONSIBLE!
COME ON!

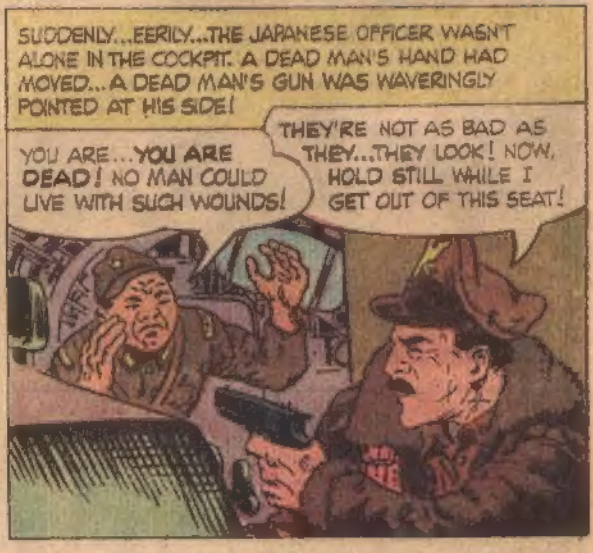

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, SIR?
WE'RE GOING TO KEEP THE JAPS FROM CAPTURING THAT B-29 IN ONE PIECE! RUN...AND IF ANYONE FALLS, NOBODY ELSE WAITS TO HELP HIM! THIS MEANS MORE THAN ONE MAN'S LIFE!


BUT OTHERS HAD IDEAS ABOUT CAPTURING THE GIANT BOMBER! THE NIPPONESE OFFICER LED HIS MEN AT A RUN THROUGH THE JUNGLE...
THE BOEING BOMBER HAD SLASHED DOWN THROUGH THE THICK FOLIAGE...CUSHIONED BY THE DENSE JUNGLE..
CAPTAIN WYATT, PANTING, TREMBLING WITH EXHAUSTION, STUMBLED UPON THE PRIZE FIRST... AND BREATHED A FERVENT, THANKFUL PRAYER!
COME ON, HENDRICKS! WE'LL GET ALL THE WEAPONS THERE ARE ON BOARD FIRST AND THEN HIT THE DESTRUCTION SWITCH!
A THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN HAD BEEN CLIPPED IN THE CABIN NEAR THE DEAD AIRCRAFT COMMANDER. MAJOR HOLWORTH WAS STILL SLUMPED IN HIS SEAT...
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T LIVE TO SEE IT, OLD FRIEND. I'LL TAKE THE GUN...YOU WON'T NEED IT NOW!

HENDRICKS SIGHED IN RELIEF AS HIS HAND CLOSED ON THE SWITCH THAT WOULD BLAST THE AIRCRAFT INTO USELESS SCRAP...
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS...
DANGER
PFFT-ZZZZ
BAM
BAM
DO NOT STRUGGLE OR YOU DIE.
HOW BADLY ARE YOU HIT, HENDRICKS? DID YOU?
HE SHOT ME BEFORE I COULD DO IT, SIR!
THIS IS THE GREATEST PRIZE OF THE WAR, CAPTAIN. WE HAVE THE BOMB SIGHT AND ALL THE OTHER SECRETS YOU HAVE KEPT FROM US FOR SO LONG!
YOU WILL BE KILLED IF YOU RESIST! NOW, MOVE AWAY FROM THE AIRCRAFT... I WILL TAKE NO UNNECESSARY CHANCES WITH YOU.

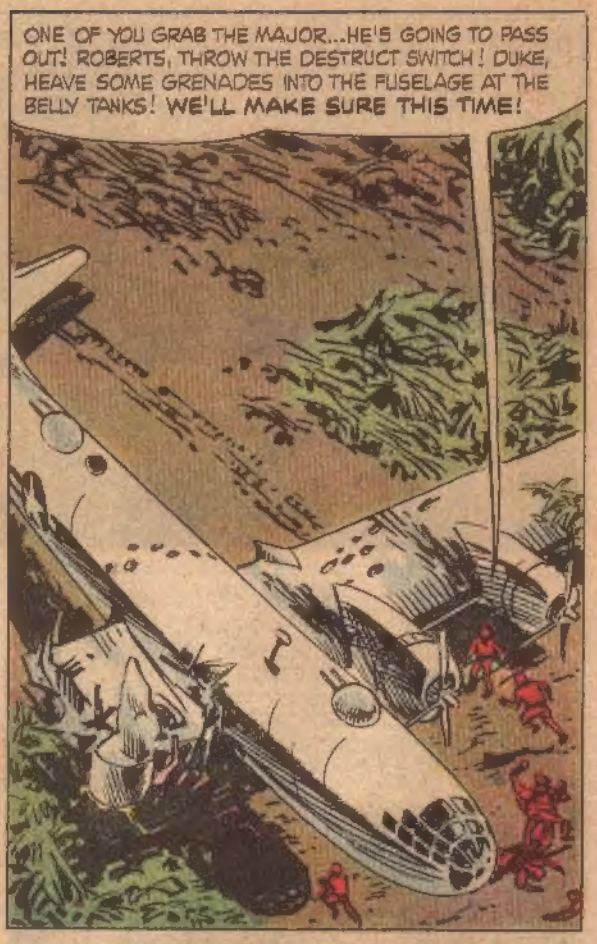

MACHINE GUNS WERE SET UP...THE B-29'S AIRCREW WERE FORCED TO LINE UP BEFORE THEM! THE JAPANESE OFFICER WAS EFFICIENT AND PITILESS!
I HAVE ORDERED MY MEN TO EXECUTE YOUR GROUP IF ANYONE OF YOU ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.


THE JAPANESE OFFICER WENT INSIDE THE HUGE BOMBER...HE ASSIGNED TWO MEN TO REMOVING THE BOMB-SIGHT WHILE HE WENT INTO THE COCKPIT TO SEARCH FOR MATERIAL!
THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT AND RECOGNITION CODES! WITH THESE, THE IMPERIAL STAFF CAN TURN THE TIDE OF WAR!


SUDDENLY...EERILY...THE JAPANESE OFFICER WASN'T ALONE IN THE COCKPIT. A DEAD MAN'S HAND HAD MOVED...A DEAD MAN'S GUN WAS WAVERINGLY POINTED AT HIS SIDE!
YOU ARE...YOU ARE DEAD! NO MAN COULD LIVE WITH SUCH WOUNDS!
THEY'RE NOT AS BAD AS THEY...THEY LOOK! NOW, HOLD STILL WHILE I GET OUT OF THIS SEAT!

A JAPANESE SERGEANT OUTSIDE THE GREAT BOMBER, WORRIED BY THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, CALLED OUT...THERE WAS NO ANSWER! HE CALLED AGAIN...THEN SNAPPED AN ORDER AT HIS MACHINE GUNNERS!
WHAT IS KEEPING HIM?
GET SET...THEY'RE GOING TO CHOP US DOWN!
南武部

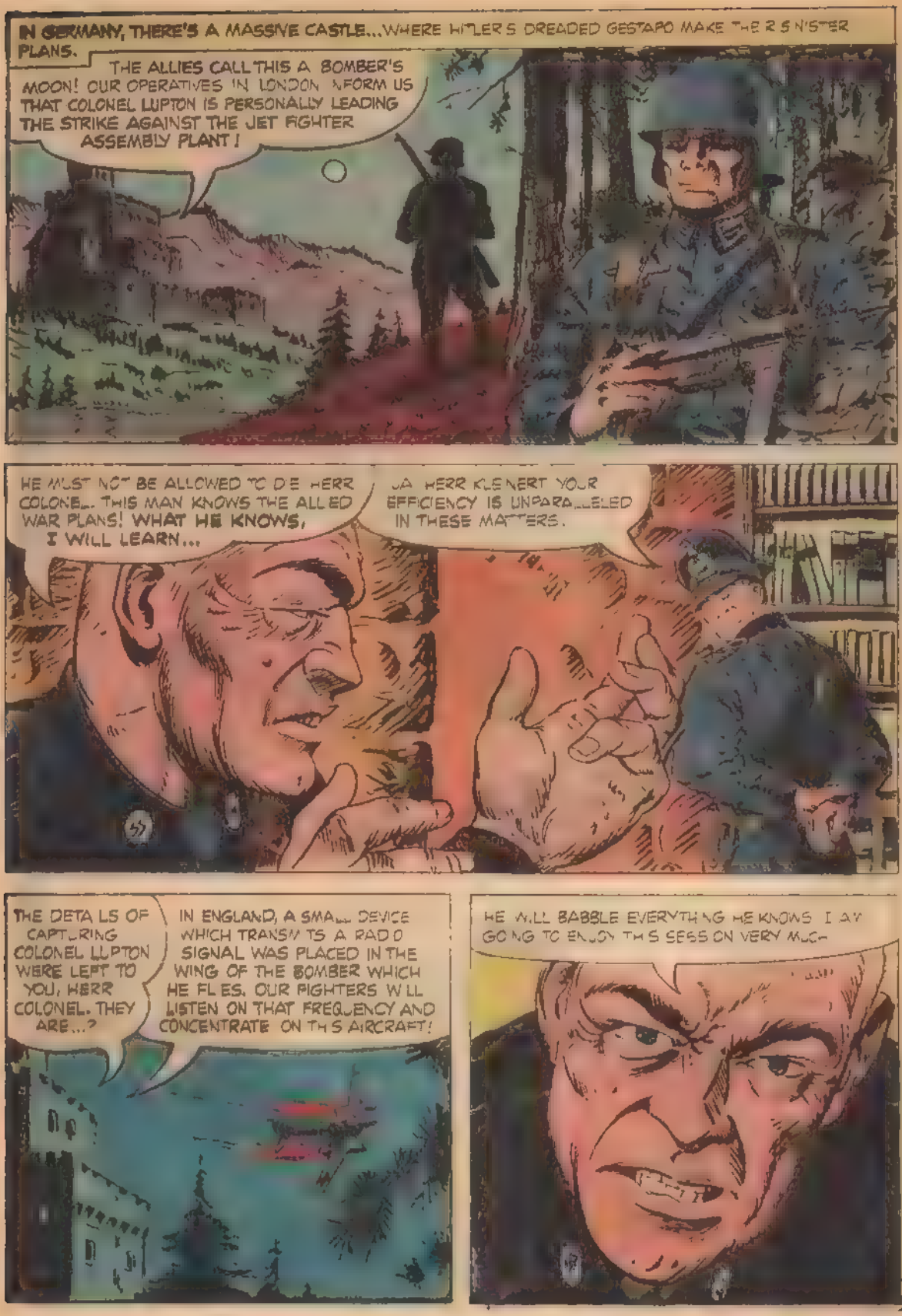
THE GUNNER'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER. THE OTHER GUNNER TENSED AS HE AIMED...AND SUDDENLY...
IT'S THE MAJOR! NOW, YOU GUYS....TAKE 'EM!
POW
POW


ONE OF YOU GRAB THE MAJOR...HE'S GOING TO PASS OUT! ROBERTS, THROW THE DESTRUCT SWITCH! DUKE, HEAVE SOME GRENADES INTO THE FUSELAGE AT THE BELLY TANKS! WE'LL MAKE SURE THIS TIME!

THE B-29 DIED WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR! THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES RIPPED HER APART...AND THEN THE GASOLINE WENT OFF!
I WAS SURE YOU WERE DEAD, SKIPPER. YOU DIDN'T HAVE A PULSE...I'D NEVER HAVE LEFT YOU...
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, AL...I WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME!
BLAM

CHINESE NATIONALS ARE IN THIS AREA. WE'LL WAIT HERE UNTIL THEY ARRIVE.
YES, SIR!
The End

AIR WAR STORIES
HERO'S HOUR
THE MOST FAMOUS BOMBER PILOT IN THE EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS, COLONEL JIM LIPTON, WAS LEADING THIS STRIKE AGAINST THE NEW MESSERSCHMITT ASSEMBLY PLANT DEEP INSIDE GERMANY. AS THE BIG B-24 CONSOLIDATED LIBERATORS LIFTED OFF THE RUNWAY, THE LEAD PLANE'S CREW HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THEY CARRIED THEIR OWN BETRAYAL WITH THEM!
HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE FAMOUS, SKIPPER? MY WIFE SAYS THE NEW YORK PAPERS AND TWO NATIONAL MAGS HAD PICTURES OF COLONEL LIPTON IN THE LAST MONTH.
THIS WILL BE MY LAST FLIGHT AS GROUP LEADER, MAX. I'VE BEEN SITTING WITH THE WAR OPERATIONS PLANNING GROUP. I KNOW TOO MUCH TO BE FLYING OVER ENEMY TERRITORY!
WE'RE LUCKY THE NAZIS DON'T KNOW YOU'RE LEADING THIS FLIGHT... ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU KNOW SO MUCH CLASSIFIED INFORMATION!
BEEP
BEEP

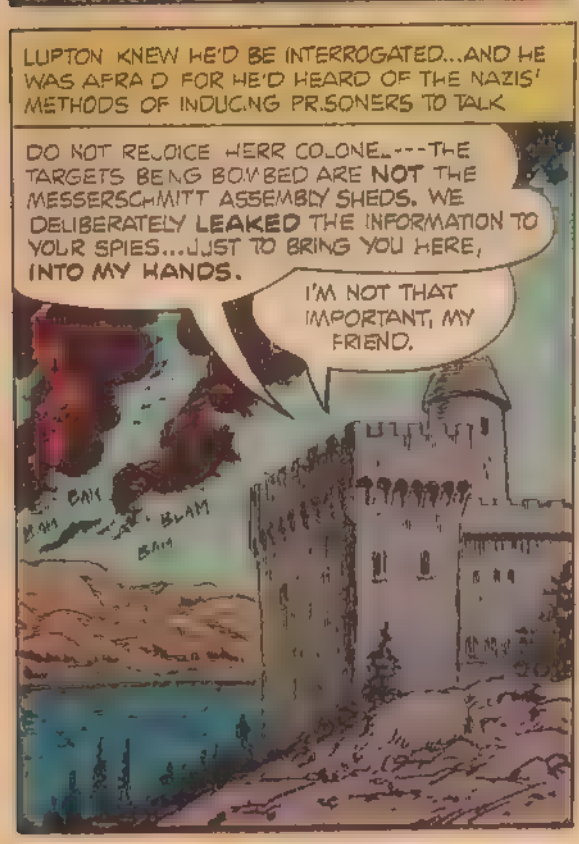

IN GERMANY, THERE'S A MASSIVE CASTLE...WHERE HITLER'S DREADED GESTAPO MAKE THEIR SINISTER PLANS.
THE ALLIES CALL THIS A BOMBER'S MOON! OUR OPERATIVES IN LONDON INFORM US THAT COLONEL LUPTON IS PERSONALLY LEADING THE STRIKE AGAINST THE JET FIGHTER ASSEMBLY PLANT!
HE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO DIE HERR COLONEL... THIS MAN KNOWS THE ALLIED WAR PLANS! WHAT HE KNOWS, I WILL LEARN...
JA HERR KLEINERT YOUR EFFICIENCY IS UNPARALLELED IN THESE MATTERS.
THE DETAILS OF CAPTURING COLONEL LUPTON WERE LEFT TO YOU, HERR COLONEL. THEY ARE...?
IN ENGLAND, A SMALL DEVICE WHICH TRANSMITS A RADIO SIGNAL WAS PLACED IN THE WING OF THE BOMBER WHICH HE FLIES. OUR FIGHTERS WILL LISTEN ON THAT FREQUENCY AND CONCENTRATE ON THIS AIRCRAFT!
HE WILL BABBLE EVERYTHING HE KNOWS I AM GOING TO ENJOY THIS SESSION VERY MUCH

THE GERMAN JET FIGHTER THE ME 262 OUTPERFORMED EVERY OTHER FIGHTER IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR THIS 540 MPH FIGHTER LUCKILY WAS KEPT OUT OF MASS PRODUCTION THROUGH THE BUMBLING OF HITLER HIMSELF...UNTIL LATE IN THE WAR WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE TO HELP
ALL FIGHTERS HAVE SECOND RECEIVERS SET TO HEAR THE SIGNAL! IF ANY OF YOU ARE STUPID ENOUGH TO DESTROY THIS HERO'S BOMBER, YOU WILL BE EXECUTED FOR IT WE MUST FORCE IT DOWN!
WE'RE NEARING THE TARGET AREA GET READY
BEEP
BEEP BEEP
INFORM HERR KLEINERT THAT THE JUDAS SIGNAL IS WORKING. WE WILL ISOLATE THE LEAD BOMBER FROM THE OTHERS. WE WILL DISREGARD EVERYTHING BUT THIS ONE AIRCRAFT!
BEEP
BEEP
BAM
BAM
COLONEL LUPTON SPOTTED THE GERMAN JETS AND BARKED AN ORDER TO HIS COMMAND
THEY GOT TUTTLE'S SHIP. NO HITS ON US YET!
THEY'RE CUTTING US OFF FROM THE OTHERS! THEY...THEY DON'T WANT TO SHOOT US DOWN .. AND I KNOW WHY!

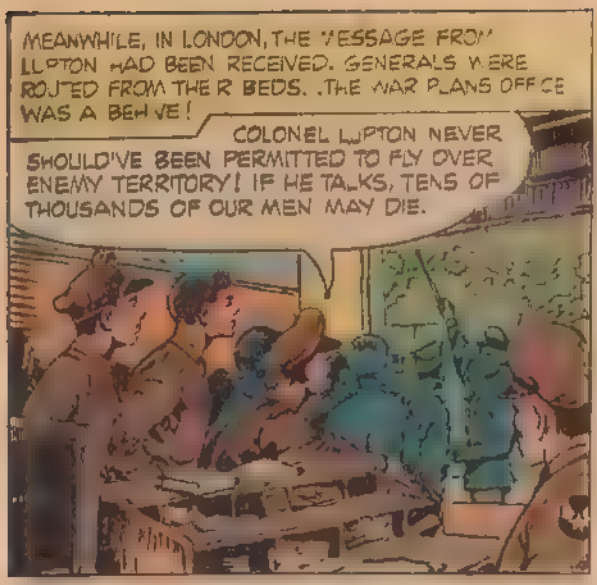
THE GUNNERS ON LUPTON'S SHIP HAMMERED AT THE FLASHING NAZI FIGHTERS WEAVING AN INVISIBLE WEB IN THE GERMAN SKY... A GESTAPO WEB IN WHICH LUPTON, THE FAMOUS HERO, WAS CAUGHT!
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, COLONEL LUPTON. IF YOU ATTEMPT TO FIGHT, YOU WILL CONDEMN YOUR CREWMEN TO DEATH WITH YOU!
BEEP BEEP
POW POW
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, COLONEL! WE'RE WITH YOU ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!
YOU CAN'T LET THE NAZIS CAPTURE YOU, SKIPPER!
SEND A MESSAGE TO LONDON, SERGEANT GET IT OFF BEFORE WE LAND! GIVE THEM OUR LOCATION AND TELL THEM THE NAZIS HAD OUR AIRCRAFT MARKED AND THEY WERE WAITING FOR US!
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
A HERO, THEY SAY! BAH! THE PIG WILL BE A WHINING BABY IN MY HANDS IN A VERY SHORT TIME!

SS TROOPS RACED TO THE DOWNED LIBERATOR...
ATTEMPT ANY TRICKS AND EVERY MAN ABOARD THIS PLANE WILL DIE, COLONEL LUPTON.
WE WON'T TRY ANYTHING!

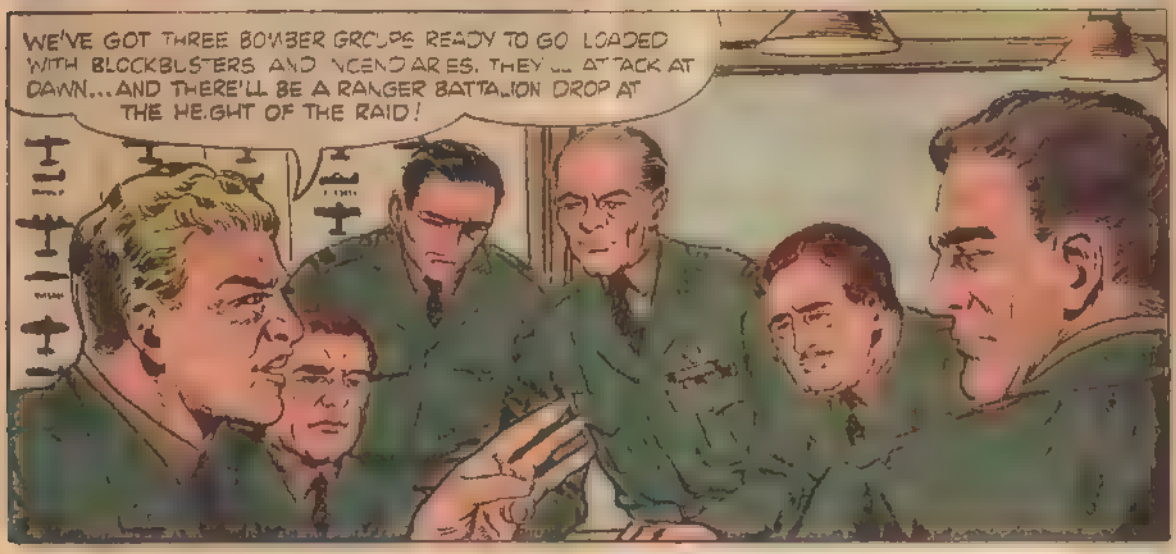
THIS IS A WELCOME FOR A HERO, COLONEL LUPTON. WE HAVE GONE TO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE TO BRING YOU HERE. I WILL EXPLAIN FURTHER INSIDE THE CASTLE.

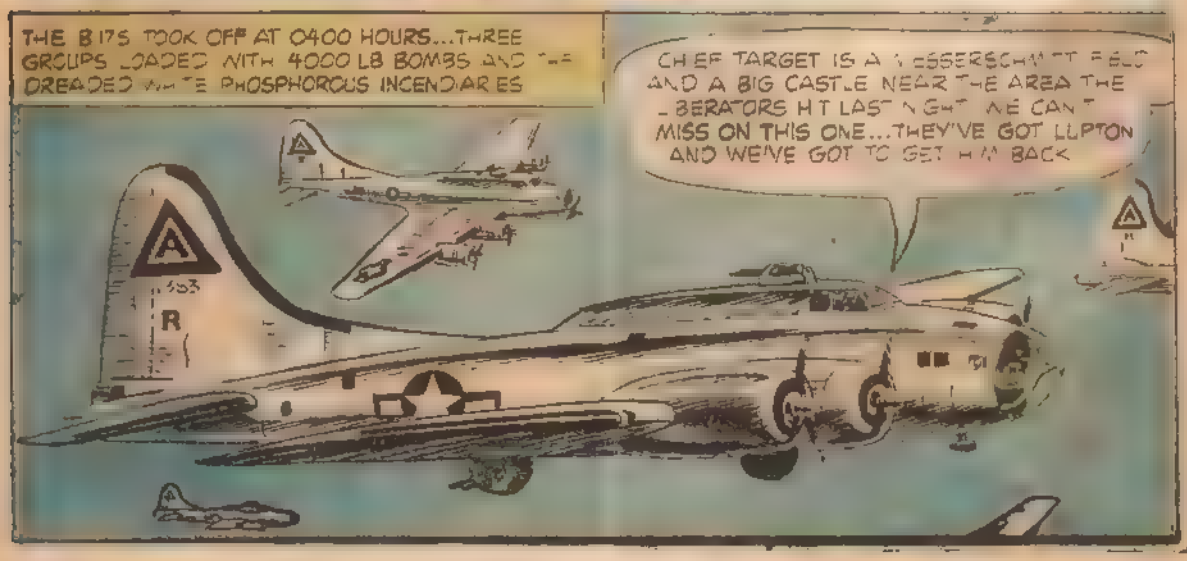

LUPTON KNEW HE'D BE INTERROGATED...AND HE WAS AFRAID FOR HE'D HEARD OF THE NAZIS' METHODS OF INDUCING PRISONERS TO TALK
DO NOT REJOICE HERR COLONEL---THE TARGETS BEING BOMBED ARE NOT THE MESSERSCHMITT ASSEMBLY SHEDS. WE DELIBERATELY LEAKED THE INFORMATION TO YOUR SPIES...JUST TO BRING YOU HERE, INTO MY HANDS.
I'M NOT THAT IMPORTANT, MY FRIEND.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

THIS IS A SEDATIVE, HERR COLONEL. IT WILL EASE TENSION AND ENSURE HARMONY BETWEEN US.
NO THANKS, I'M NOT THIRSTY.


MEANWHILE, IN LONDON, THE MESSAGE FROM LUPTON HAD BEEN RECEIVED. GENERALS WERE ROUTED FROM THEIR BEDS. THE WAR PLANS OFFICE WAS A BEEHIVE!
COLONEL LUPTON NEVER SHOULD'VE BEEN PERMITTED TO FLY OVER ENEMY TERRITORY! IF HE TALKS, TENS OF THOUSANDS OF OUR MEN MAY DIE.

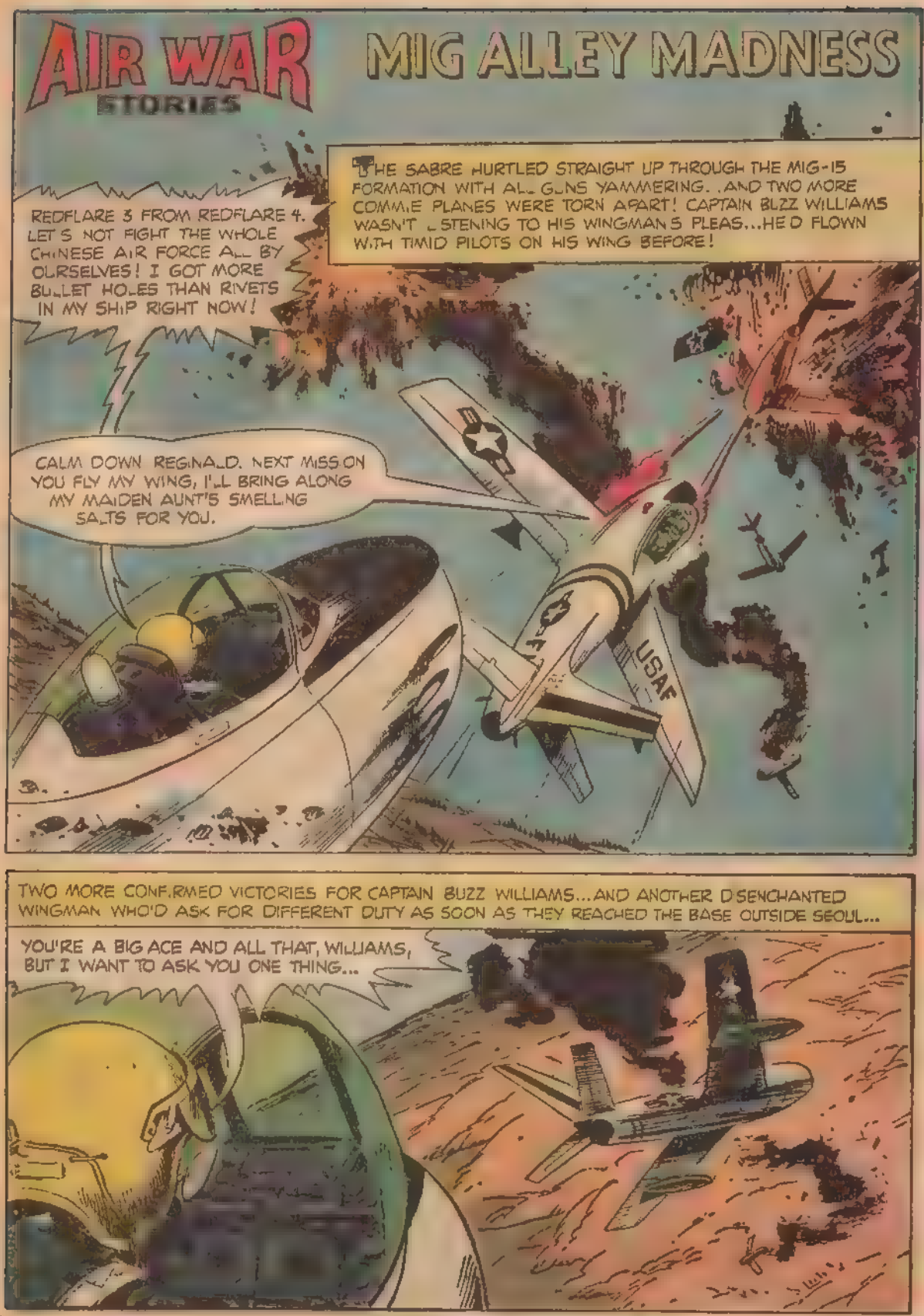
I SAY BOMB THE CASTLE WITH EVERY BOMBER WE'VE GOT. WE CAN'T LET THE GESTAPO QUESTION LUPTON FOR AN EXTENDED LENGTH OF TIME!
COLONEL CATO'S GOT A PLAN. HE'LL EXPLAIN

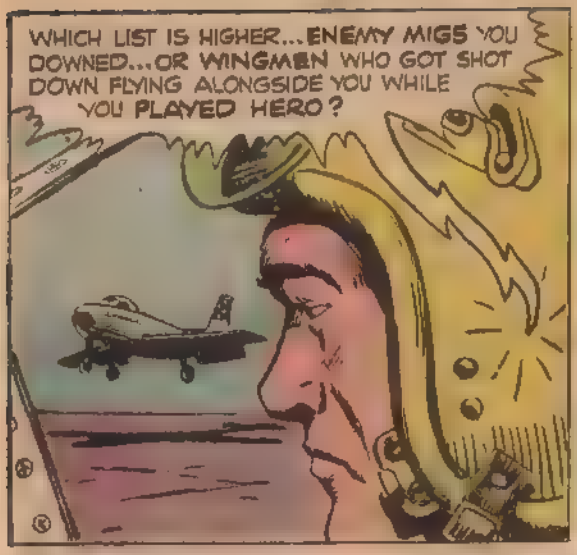

WE'VE GOT THREE BOMBER GROUPS READY TO GO LOADED WITH BLOCKBUSTERS AND INCENDIARIES. THEY'LL ATTACK AT DAWN...AND THERE'LL BE A RANGER BATTALION DROP AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RAID!


THE B17S TOOK OFF AT 0400 HOURS...THREE GROUPS LOADED WITH 4000 LB BOMBS AND THE DREADED WHITE PHOSPHOROUS INCENDIARIES
CHIEF TARGET IS A MESSERSCHMITT FIELD AND A BIG CASTLE NEAR THE AREA THE LIBERATORS HIT LAST NIGHT. WE CAN'T MISS ON THIS ONE...THEY'VE GOT LUPTON AND WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK
A
R

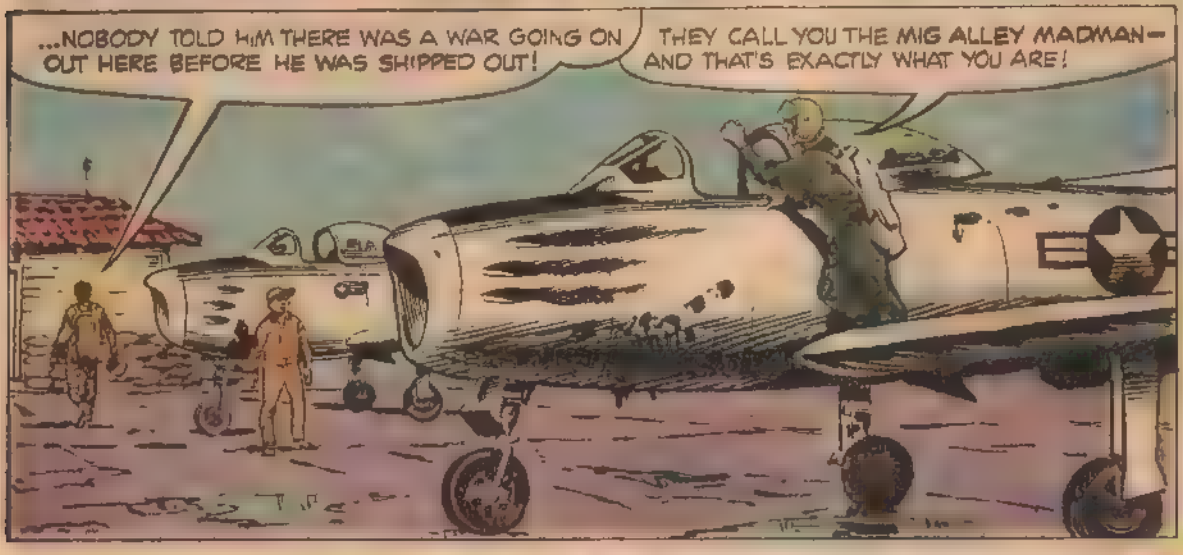
BOMBS AWAYYYYY!
THE 4000 LB BOMBS EXPLODE WITH SHATTERING ROARS ON THE ANCIENT CASTLE THE EAR-SHATTERING CANNONADE OF PHOSPHOROUS BOMBS IS ALMOST DROWNED OUT...
BLAM
BAM
BLAM
THEN INTO THIS MAN-MADE INFERNO, THE U.S. RANGERS PARACHUTE..
GET MOVING .WE GOT TO GET LUPTON..BEFORE THEY HIDE HIM...OR WORSE!
BAM
BLAM
BLAM
COLONEL JIM LUPTON HAD BEEN QUESTIONED HARD. AND WHEN THE BOMBING BEGAN, HE'D BEEN APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS IN THE CHAIR WHERE HERR KLEINERT HAD ORDERED HIM MANACLED.
YOU BLUNDERING FOOL! CAN'T YOUR PEOPLE PROTECT US?
STOP WHINING KLEINERT. WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH THE AMERICAN?
THE AMERICANS CANNOT BE PERMITTED TO TAKE HIM FROM US!

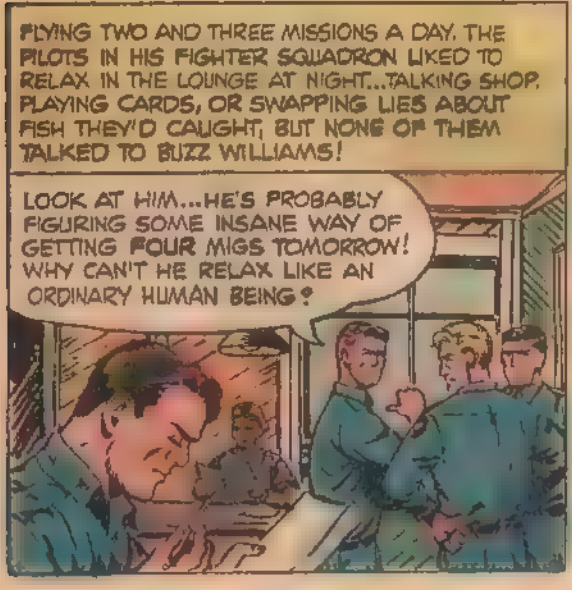
THE GESTAPO CHIEF MOVED TOWARD HIS PRISONER... CLOSER, HE DIDN'T WANT TO MISS! HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER...
YOU ARE CALM, LUPTON! MOST MEN ABOUT TO DIE WOULD SHOW FEAR AND BEG FOR MERCY!
I DON'T FIGURE I'M GOING TO DIE!
DROP IT MISTER!
WE'VE GOT C-46'S COMING FOR US, COLONEL.. WANT TO TAKE CREEPY ALONG?
I SURE DO. I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH THIS CHARACTER WILL SING LIKE A BIRD WHEN OUR INTERROGATORS QUESTION HIM! HE KNOWS WHERE ALL THE ESPIONAGE AGENTS IN LONDON HANG THEIR HATS AND HE'S GOING TO TELL US ABOUT THEM!
A FEW HOURS LATER, COLONEL JIM LUPTON SET FOOT ON BRITISH SOIL WITH THE MAN WHO HAD COLDLY PLANNED TO DRAIN HIS BRAIN OF EVERYTHING HE KNEW.
THANKS FOR GETTING ME OUT, GENERAL.. HERR KLEINERT THERE WAS JUST ABOUT READY TO USE THE TRUTH SERUM WHEN THE BOMBS BEGAN TO DROP!
HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN ANY ANSWERS, JIM. THE NEXT BOMB GROUP HAD ORDERS TO DROP THE BLOCKBUSTERS RIGHT ON THE CASTLE... NOBODY WOULD'VE TALKED IF WE HAD TO DO THAT!
The End

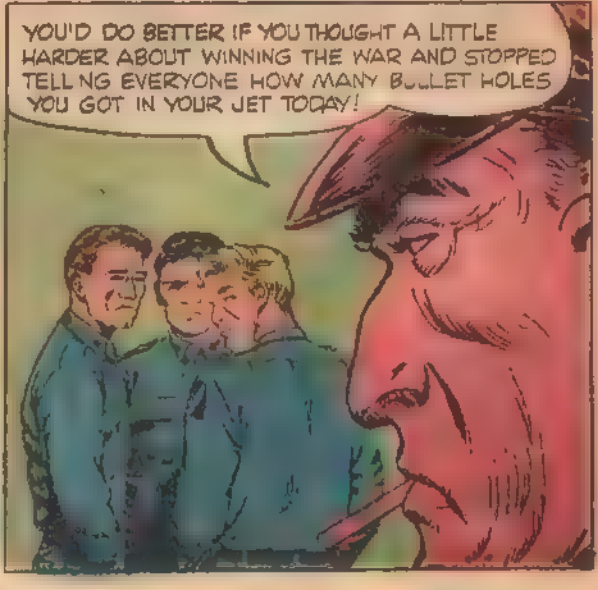

AIR WAR STORIES
MIG ALLEY MADNESS
REDFLARE 3 FROM REDFLARE 4. LET'S NOT FIGHT THE WHOLE CHINESE AIR FORCE ALL BY OURSELVES! I GOT MORE BULLET HOLES THAN RIVETS IN MY SHIP RIGHT NOW!
THE SABRE HURTLED STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE MIG-15 FORMATION WITH ALL GUNS YAMMERING. . AND TWO MORE COMMIE PLANES WERE TORN APART! CAPTAIN BUZZ WILLIAMS WASN'T LISTENING TO HIS WINGMAN'S PLEAS...HE'D FLOWN WITH TIMID PILOTS ON HIS WING BEFORE!
CALM DOWN REGINALD. NEXT MISSION YOU FLY MY WING, I'LL BRING ALONG MY MAIDEN AUNT'S SMELLING SALTS FOR YOU.
USAF
TWO MORE CONFIRMED VICTORIES FOR CAPTAIN BUZZ WILLIAMS...AND ANOTHER DISENCHANTED WINGMAN WHO'D ASK FOR DIFFERENT DUTY AS SOON AS THEY REACHED THE BASE OUTSIDE SEOUL...
YOU'RE A BIG ACE AND ALL THAT, WILLIAMS, BUT I WANT TO ASK YOU ONE THING...


WHICH LIST IS HIGHER...ENEMY MIGS YOU DOWNED...OR WINGMEN WHO GOT SHOT DOWN FLYING ALONGSIDE YOU WHILE YOU PLAYED HERO?

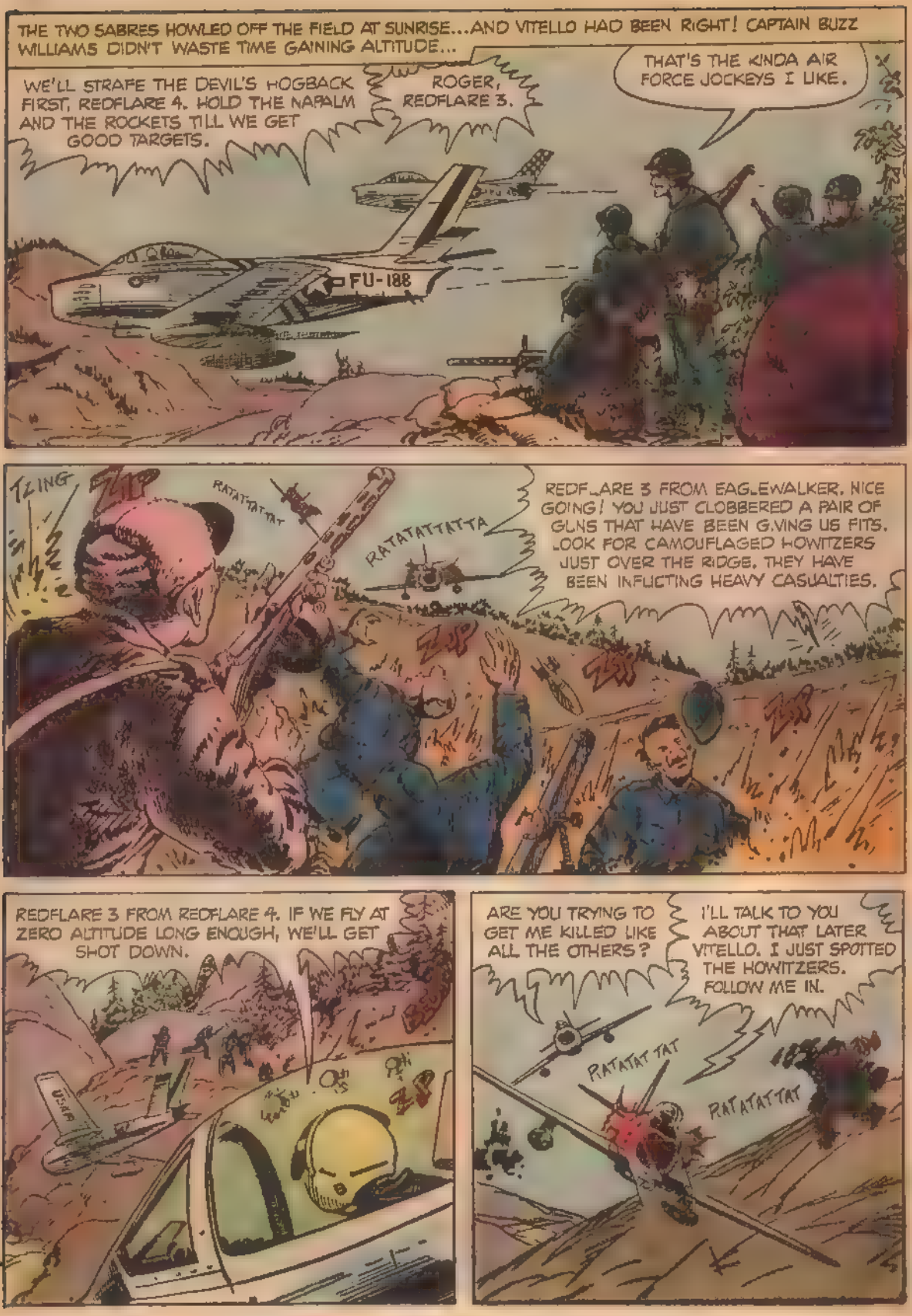
CAPTAIN VITELLO'S STEAMIN' FROM BOTH EARS, BUZZ. SAYS HE'D RATHER FLY A KITE IN A HURRICANE THAN BE YOUR WINGMAN!
TROUBLE WITH HIM IS,


...NOBODY TOLD HIM THERE WAS A WAR GOING ON OUT HERE BEFORE HE WAS SHIPPED OUT!
THEY CALL YOU THE MIG ALLEY MADMAN— AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE!

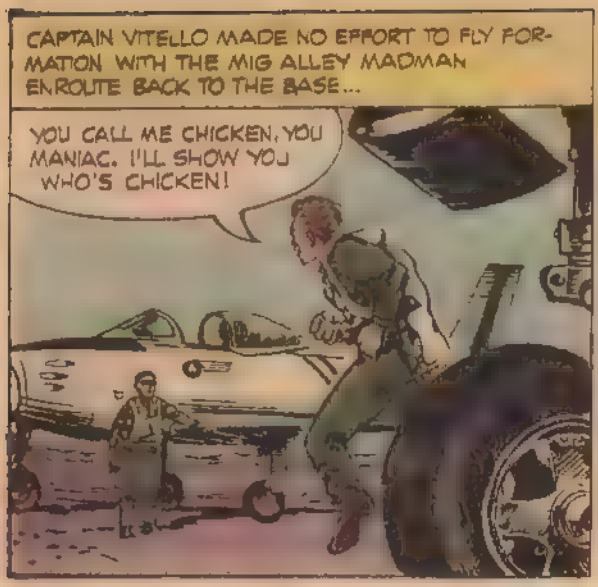

FLYING TWO AND THREE MISSIONS A DAY, THE PILOTS IN HIS FIGHTER SQUADRON LIKED TO RELAX IN THE LOUNGE AT NIGHT...TALKING SHOP, PLAYING CARDS, OR SWAPPING LIES ABOUT FISH THEY'D CAUGHT, BUT NONE OF THEM TALKED TO BUZZ WILLIAMS!
LOOK AT HIM...HE'S PROBABLY FIGURING SOME INSANE WAY OF GETTING FOUR MIGS TOMORROW! WHY CAN'T HE RELAX LIKE AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING?

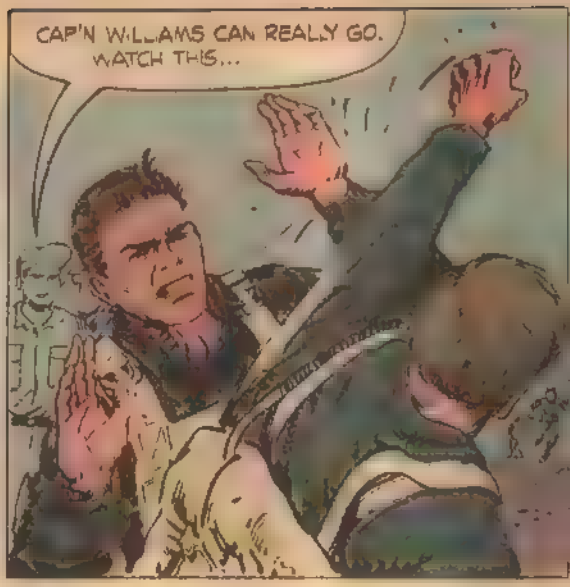

YOU'D DO BETTER IF YOU THOUGHT A LITTLE HARDER ABOUT WINNING THE WAR AND STOPPED TELLING EVERYONE HOW MANY BULLET HOLES YOU GOT IN YOUR JET TODAY!

ANOTHER LECTURE, COLONEL SYKES? IF IT'S ABOUT ALMOST LOSING ANOTHER WINGMAN, IT'S HIS OWN FAULT! HE SHOULD'VE STAYED IN CLOSER FORMATION. I WAS PAST THE MIG'S BEFORE THEY COULD GET ME...BUT HE HAD TO BE A NERVOUS NELLIE AND THROTTLE BACK ..JUST ENOUGH FOR THE MIGS TO CLOBBER HIM!
YOU'VE HAD REAL HARD LUCK, BUZZ. I KNOW WARREN WAS YOUR BEST BUDDY...AND HE DIED UP NEAR WONSAN. THEN, THERE WERE CLARKE AND MARKO AND SIBLY...
IT'S LIKE VITELLO SAID. I'VE SHOT DOWN MORE WINGMEN THAN I HAVE MIGS. WHY WON'T YOU LET ME FLY WITHOUT A WINGMAN?
YOU'RE ONE OF OUR LEADING JET ACES, BUZZ. THE ENEMY KNOWS YOU AND THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU. IF I LET YOU FLY ALONE, THEY'LL GANG UP, CLOBBER YOU, AND IT'LL BE A TREMENDOUS PSYCHOLOGICAL BOOST TO THE ENEMY! NO ..VITELLO FLIES WITH YOU TOMORROW!
COLONEL SYKES HAD DELIBERATELY TALKED LOUD ENOUGH FOR THE OTHERS TO HEAR...
YOU HEARD THE MAN, CAPTAIN. BE ON THE LINE AT 0545 HOURS. WE FLY A GROUND SUPPORT MISSION ALONG THE DEVIL'S HOGBACK!
THAT'S GREAT ..YOU'LL PROBABLY FLY AT ZERO ALTITUDE ALL THE WAY!

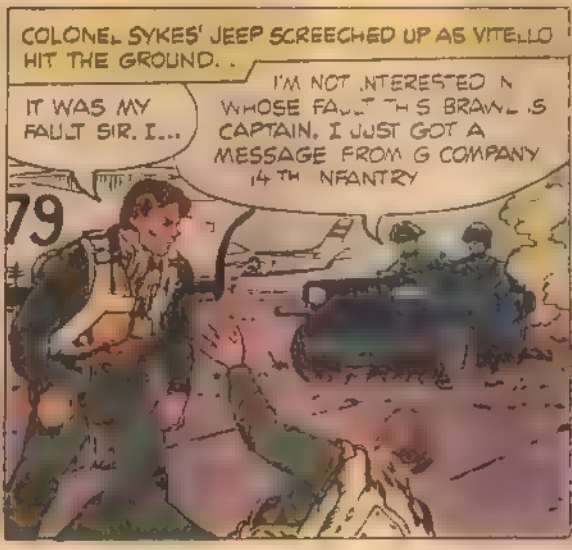

THE TWO SABRES HOWLED OFF THE FIELD AT SUNRISE...AND VITELLO HAD BEEN RIGHT! CAPTAIN BUZZ WILLIAMS DIDN'T WASTE TIME GAINING ALTITUDE...
WE'LL STRAFE THE DEVIL'S HOGBACK FIRST, REDFLARE 4. HOLD THE NAPALM AND THE ROCKETS TILL WE GET GOOD TARGETS.
ROGER, REDFLARE 3.
THAT'S THE KINDA AIR FORCE JOCKEYS I LIKE.
FU-188
TZING
RATATATTAT
RATATATTATTA
REDFLARE 3 FROM EAGLEWALKER. NICE GOING! YOU JUST CLOBBERED A PAIR OF GUNS THAT HAVE BEEN GIVING US FITS. LOOK FOR CAMOUFLAGED HOWITZERS JUST OVER THE RIDGE. THEY HAVE BEEN INFLICTING HEAVY CASUALTIES.
REDFLARE 3 FROM REDFLARE 4. IF WE FLY AT ZERO ALTITUDE LONG ENOUGH, WE'LL GET SHOT DOWN.
ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME KILLED LIKE ALL THE OTHERS?
I'LL TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT LATER VITELLO. I JUST SPOTTED THE HOWITZERS. FOLLOW ME IN.
RATATAT TAT
RATATATTAT

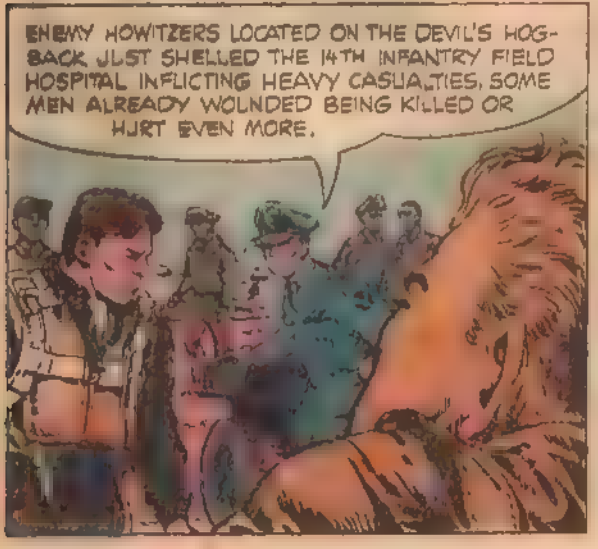
THROTTLING HIS SABRE BACK AND DISREGARDING THE HAIL OF LEAD SPEWED UP FROM A THOUSAND GUNS, BUZZ WILLIAMS JOCKEYED THE HEAVY FIGHTER IN ACROSS THE RIDGE...THEN RELEASED THE FAT NAPALM BOMBS!
RATATATTAT
KLUM
BLAM
SEE THEM, REDFLARE 4? NOW, DROP YOURS NEXT TO MINE!
SLOW DOWN. YOU'RE TOO HIGH, REDFLARE 4. YOU'RE GOING TO MISS THE...NO, VITELLO, YOU...
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE CRAZY DOESN'T MEAN I'M GOING TO GET MYSELF KILLED, WILLIAMS!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO GRIPE ABOUT FLYING ON MY WING ANY MORE, CHICKEN. I'M ASKING THE COLONEL TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME AS SOON AS WE GET BACK. YOU DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO PUT YOUR NAPALM ON TARGET!

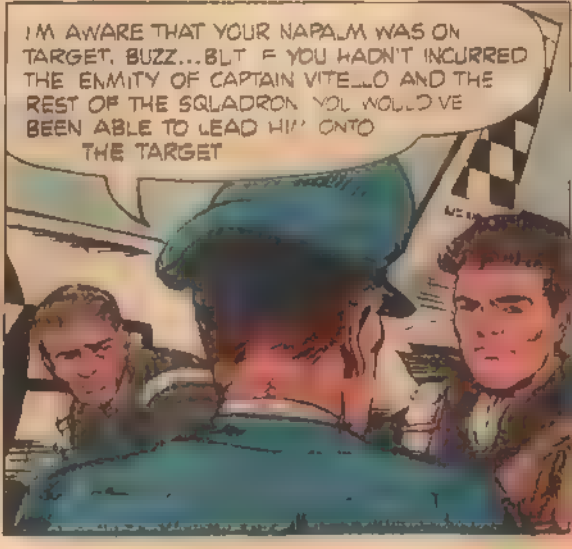

CAPTAIN VITELLO MADE NO EFFORT TO FLY FORMATION WITH THE MIG ALLEY MADMAN ENROUTE BACK TO THE BASE...
YOU CALL ME CHICKEN, YOU MANIAC. I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S CHICKEN!

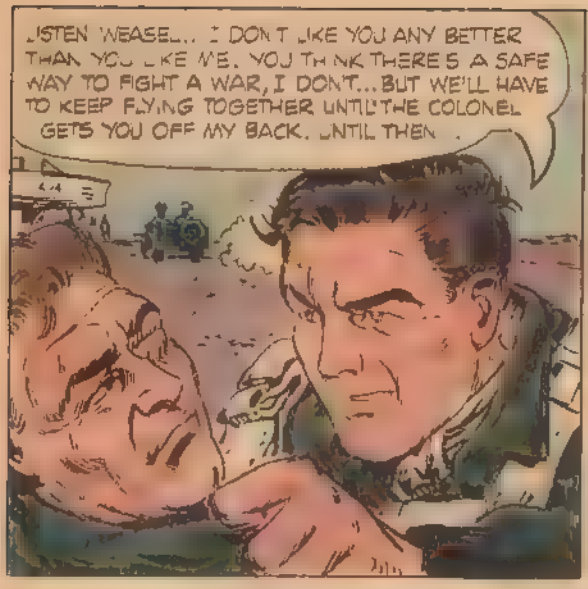

CAP'N WILLIAMS CAN REALLY GO. WATCH THIS...

THAT'S FOR THE HOWITZERS YOU DIDN'T GET, CHICKEN!

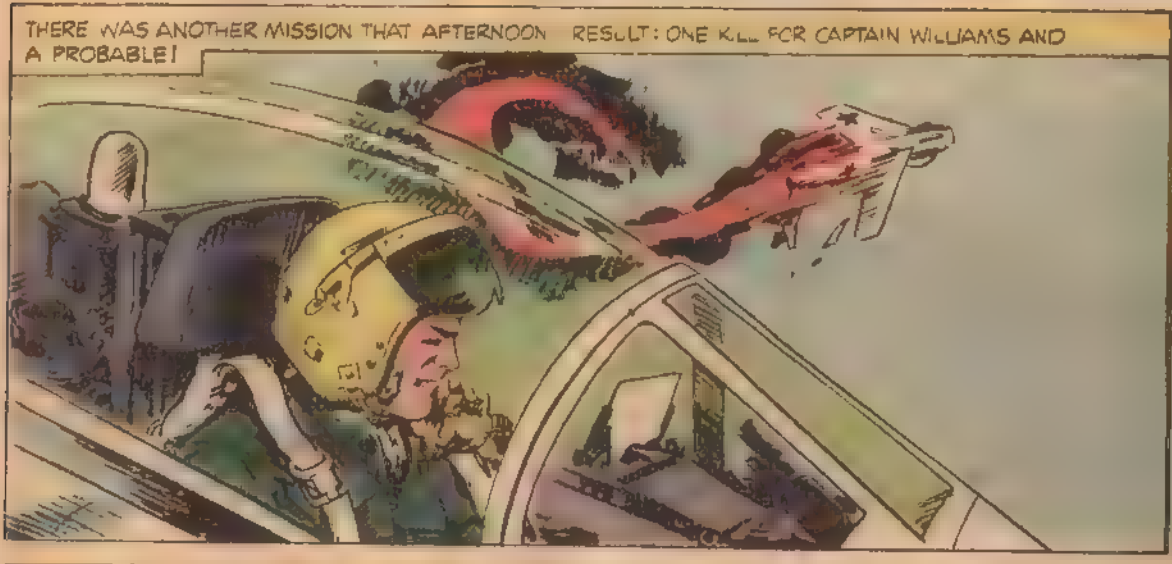

COLONEL SYKES' JEEP SCREECHED UP AS VITELLO HIT THE GROUND. .
IT WAS MY FAULT SIR. I...
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WHOSE FAULT THIS BRAWL IS CAPTAIN. I JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM G COMPANY 14TH INFANTRY
79

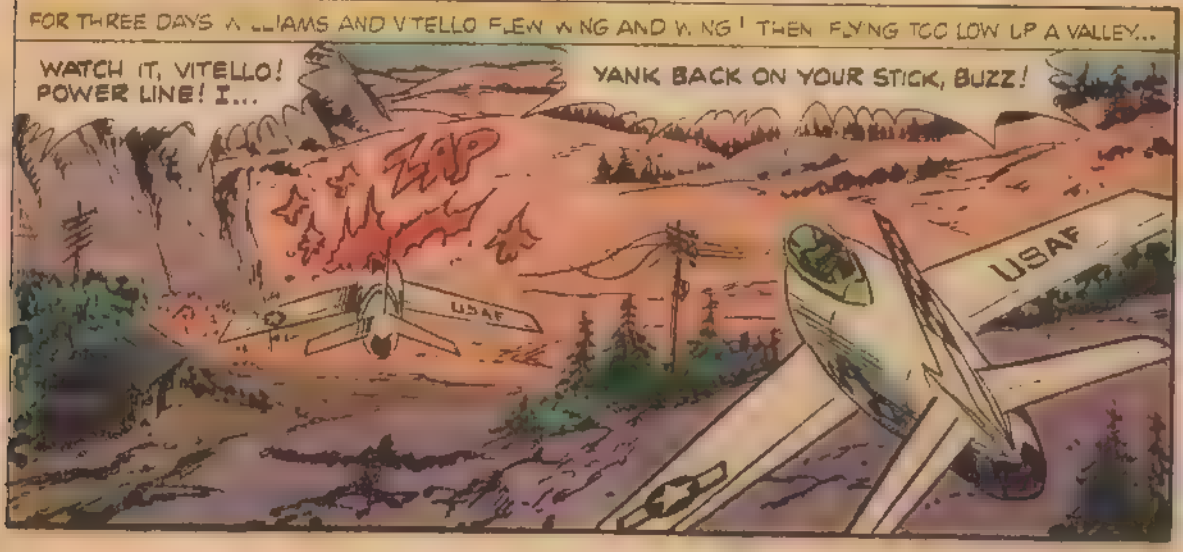

ENEMY HOWITZERS LOCATED ON THE DEVIL'S HOGBACK JUST SHELLED THE 14TH INFANTRY FIELD HOSPITAL INFLICTING HEAVY CASUALTIES, SOME MEN ALREADY WOUNDED BEING KILLED OR HURT EVEN MORE.


I'M AWARE THAT YOUR NAPALM WAS ON TARGET, BUZZ... BUT IF YOU HADN'T INCURRED THE ENMITY OF CAPTAIN VITELLO AND THE REST OF THE SQUADRON YOU WOULD'VE BEEN ABLE TO LEAD HIM ONTO THE TARGET


LISTEN 'WEASEL... I DON'T LIKE YOU ANY BETTER THAN YOU LIKE ME. YOU THINK THERE'S A SAFE WAY TO FIGHT A WAR, I DON'T... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP FLYING TOGETHER UNTIL THE COLONEL GETS YOU OFF MY BACK. UNTIL THEN .

...QUIT CALLING ME THE MIG ALLEY MADMAN!


THERE WAS ANOTHER MISSION THAT AFTERNOON RESULT: ONE KILL FOR CAPTAIN WILLIAMS AND A PROBABLE!


FOR THREE DAYS WILLIAMS AND VITELLO FLEW WING AND WING! THEN FLYING TOO LOW UP A VALLEY...
WATCH IT, VITELLO! POWER LINE! I...
YANK BACK ON YOUR STICK, BUZZ!
ZIP
USAF
USAF

BUZZ WILLIAMS' FACE WAS A MASK OF BLOOD. HE WAS UNABLE TO SEE, AND ALMOST IN SHOCK... BUT THE SNARLING VO CE OF VIC VITELLO CUT THROUGH THE MENTAL FOG...

HOLD YOUR COURSE, REDFLARE 3! COME LEFT A LITTLE...THAT'S IT.

JETTISON ALL BOMBS AND **SALVO** YOUR **ROCKETS** WHEN I SAY...NOW!

WHOO

WHOOSH

WHOOSH

WHOOSH

I...I CAN'T SEE; VITELLO! SHOULD I BAIL OUT?

YOU TOO CHICKEN TO FLY IT HOME, WILLIAMS? YOU'RE THE MIG ALLEY MADMAN, REMEMBER... JUST DO WHAT I SAY AND QUIT ARGU.NG!

THE MIGS WITH THE SURE INSTINCT OF VULTURES PLUMMETED DOWN AT THE CRIPPLE...BUT MEN WHO HAD OFTEN VOICED THEIR HATRED FOR THE M G ALLEY MADMAN SWARMED TO HIS DEFENSE! AND NOT A MIG PUT A CANNON SHELL INTO HIS SABRE!

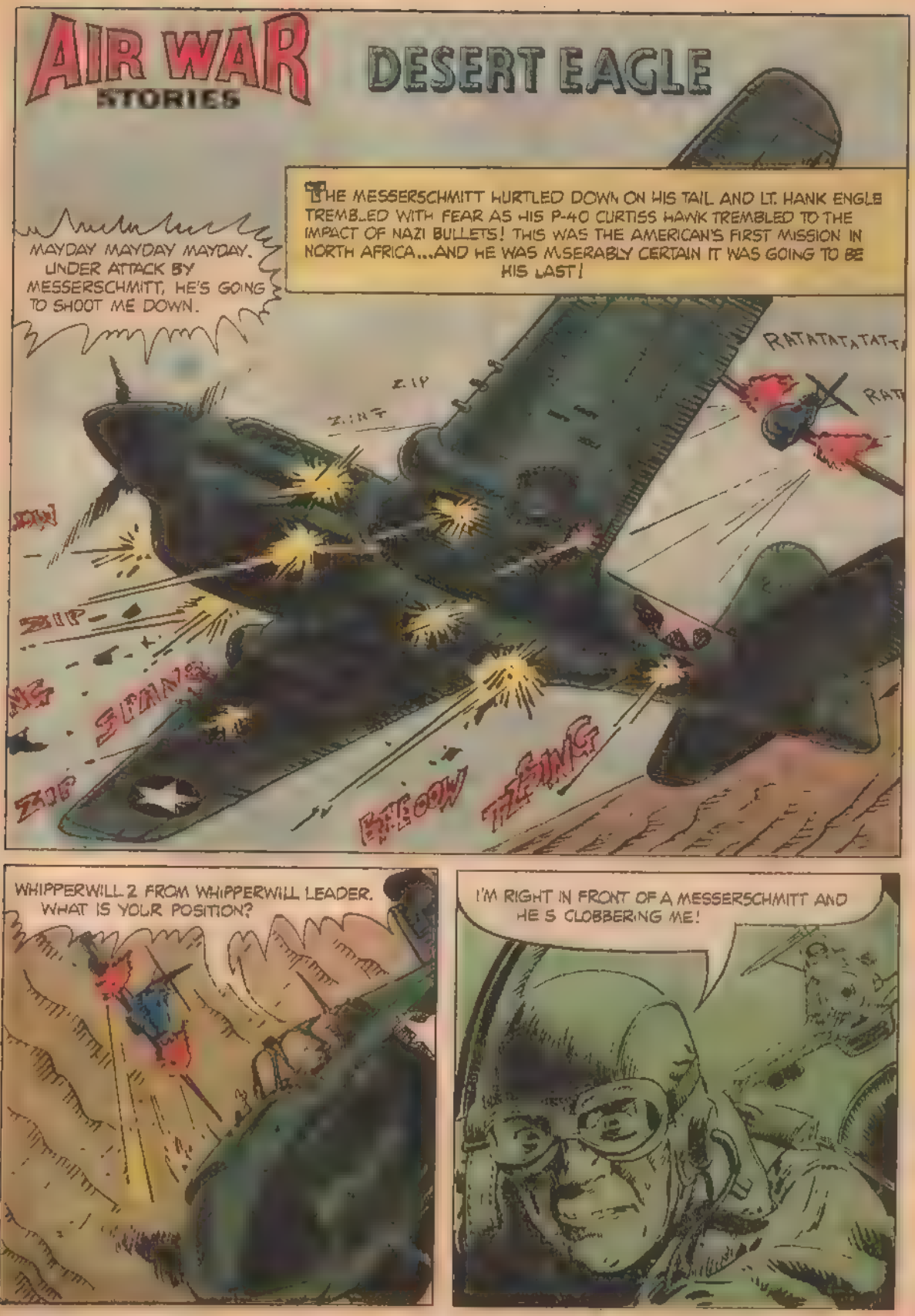
FEEL MY WINGTIP UNDER YOURS, WILLIAMS? JUST PUT THE WHEELS DOWN WHEN I DO.

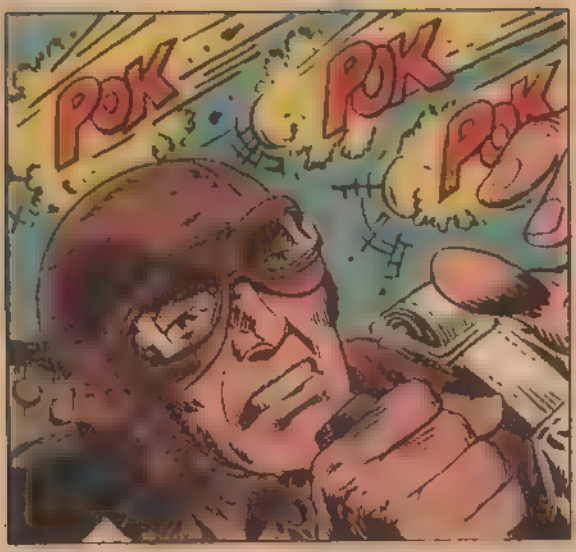
HE HEARD LATER HOW HIS SQUADRON HAD DESTROYED 7 MIG-15S KEEPING THEM OFF HIS BACK. AND HE KNEW WHAT TREMENDOUS SKILL AND COURAGE VIC VITELLO HAD DISPLAYED GUIDING HIM TO EARTH SAFELY...

I OWE ALL OF YOJ AN APOLOGY, VIC. I GUESS I WAS A MADMAN, SORT OF. WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE I...

WE DON'T WANT YOU TO CHANGE, BUZZ! WE TALKED IT OVER...AND DECIDED WHAT THIS WAR NEEDS IS FOR **US TO BE LIKE YOU!**

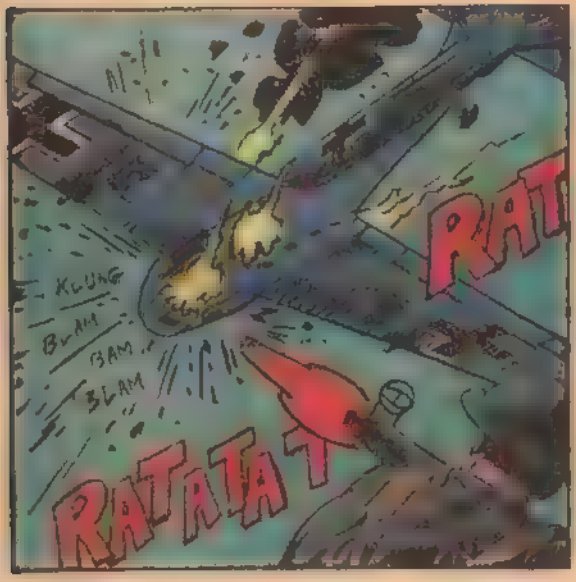
The End


AIR WAR STORIES
DESERT EAGLE
THE MESSERSCHMITT HURTLED DOWN ON HIS TAIL AND LT. HANK ENGLE TREMBLED WITH FEAR AS HIS P-40 CURTISS HAWK TREMBLED TO THE IMPACT OF NAZI BULLETS! THIS WAS THE AMERICAN'S FIRST MISSION IN NORTH AFRICA...AND HE WAS MISERABLY CERTAIN IT WAS GOING TO BE HIS LAST!
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY. UNDER ATTACK BY MESSERSCHMITT, HE'S GOING TO SHOOT ME DOWN.
RATATATATATA
RAT
ZIP
ZING
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP


POK
POK
POK

THE LUCKLESS NEWCOMER TO NORTH AFRICAN WARFARE'S PRAYERS WERE SUDDENLY AND DRAMATICALLY ANSWERED AS THE TWO FIGHTER PLANES ZIGZAGGED ACROSS THE SAHARA SAND...
'OLD 'ER STEADY SARGE, 'ERE COMES A YANK WITH A JERRY ON 'IS TAIL!

RATATTATA
TTAT
RATATA
BLANG
RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
BEOOWW


KLUNG
BLAM
BAM
BLAM
RAT
RATATAT

BLAM
RATTAT
TA

THE MESSERSCHMITT WAS GONE...BUT LT. HANK ENGLE STILL HAD TROUBLE AS HIS ALLISON ENGINE SPUTTERED AND THEN QUIT!

SHOT DOWN MY FIRST TIME OUT. I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...THE NAZI WAS A BETTER PILOT. HE HAD A BETTER SHIP AND I'LL GET CLOBBERED EVERY TIME I TANGLE WITH THEM!

SPUT SPUT

TALLYHO YANK WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?

NO OIL PRESSURE. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WALK BACK TO THE BASE

SPUT SPUT

THE DRIVER TOOK OFF THE ENGINE PANELS AND STARTED PROBING FOR THE DAMAGE. HE FOUND IT A FEW MINUTES LATER...

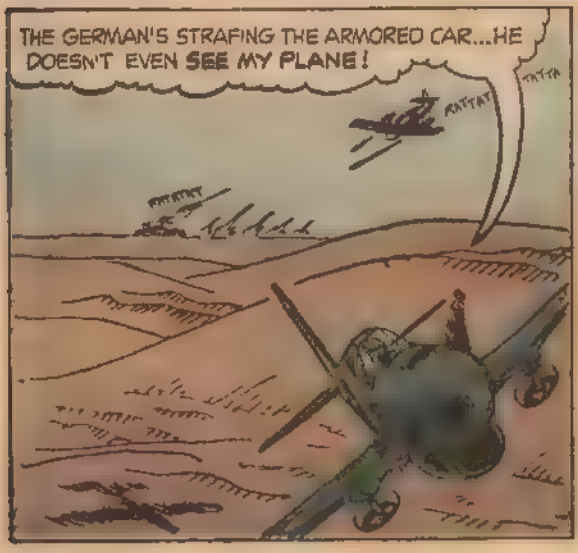
'ERE IT IS, SIR! THE JERRY'S SLUG NICKED THIS 'ERE OIL LINE. I CAN MYKE IT GOOD AS NEW IN A MINUTE.

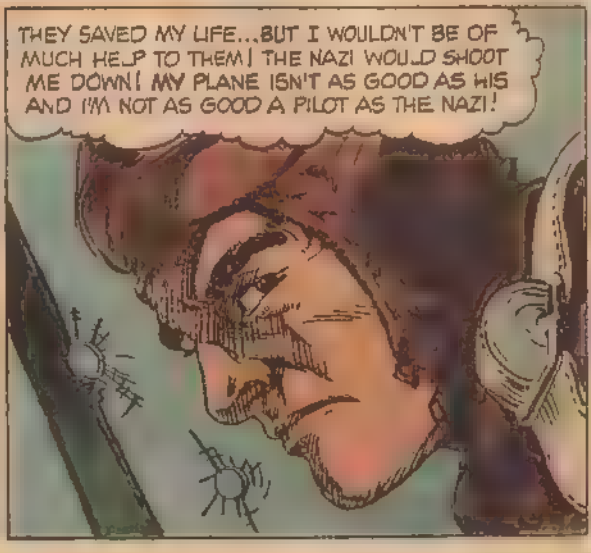
THIS WAS MY FIRST MISSION. WHEN THE 109'S ATTACKED OUR FORMATION, I GOT SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS. I'D BE DEAD NOW IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU FELLOWS.

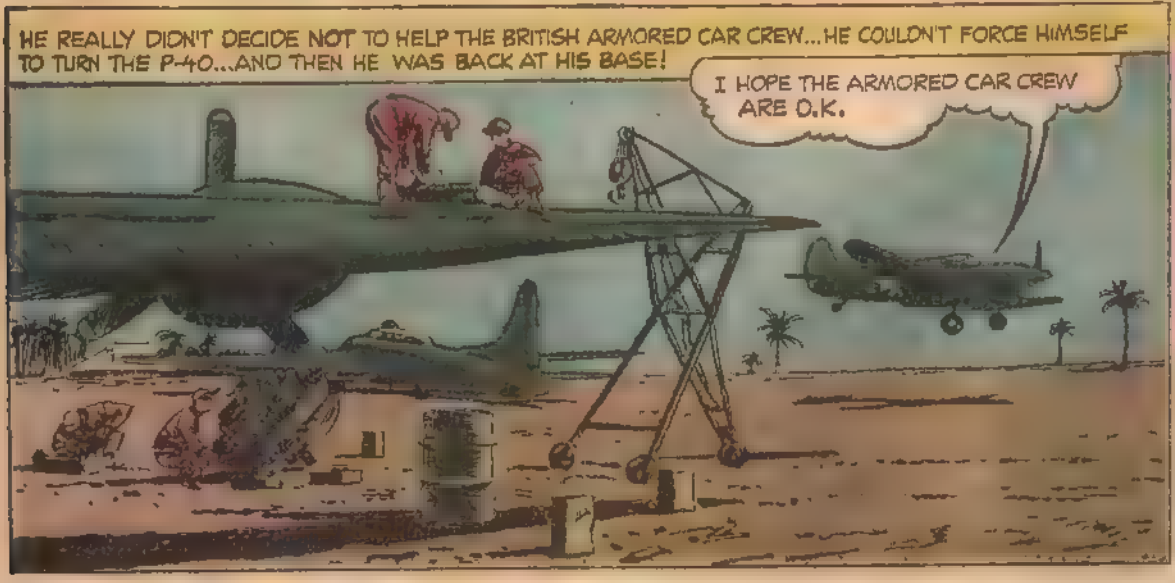
YOU 'ELP US, YANK, WE 'ELP YOU.

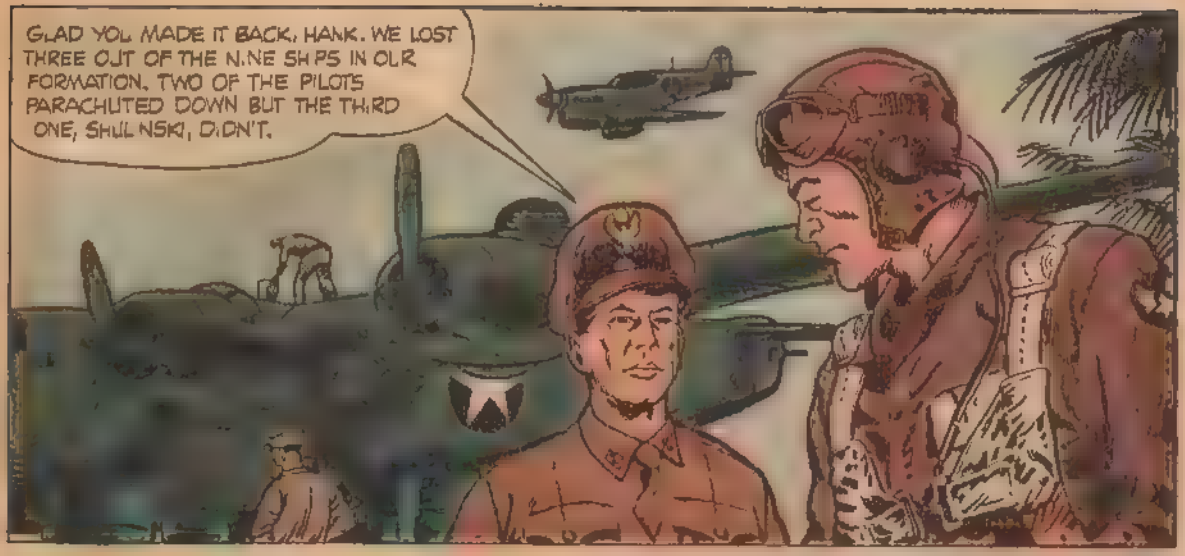
JUST REMEMBER WE'RE DOWN HERE AND LEND US A HAND IF EVER YOU CAN, THAT'S ALL WE ASK.

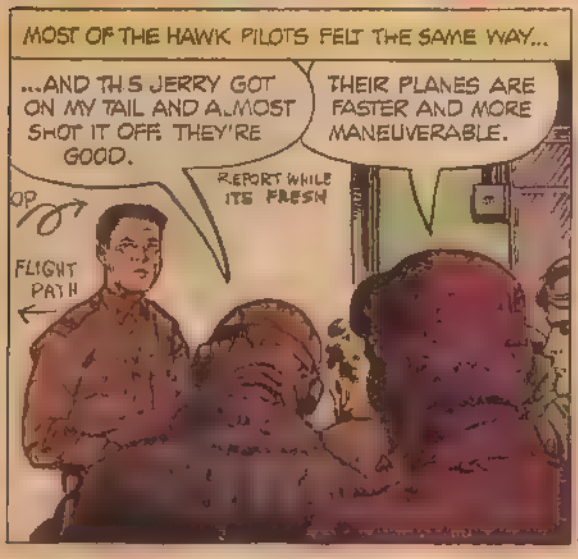
LT. ENGLE WAS SCARED GREEN...BUT HE MANAGED TO GET THE BATTERED CURTISS HAWK AIRBORNE...JUST IN TIME TO RUN INTO MORE GRIEF!
ANOTHER GERMAN FIGHTER...IS HE DIVING AT ME?


THE GERMAN'S STRAFING THE ARMORED CAR...HE DOESN'T EVEN SEE MY PLANE!
RATTAT
RATTAT


THEY SAVED MY LIFE...BUT I WOULDN'T BE OF MUCH HELP TO THEM! THE NAZI WOULD SHOOT ME DOWN! MY PLANE ISN'T AS GOOD AS HIS AND I'M NOT AS GOOD A PILOT AS THE NAZI!


HE REALLY DIDN'T DECIDE NOT TO HELP THE BRITISH ARMORED CAR CREW...HE COULDN'T FORCE HIMSELF TO TURN THE P-40...AND THEN HE WAS BACK AT HIS BASE!
I HOPE THE ARMORED CAR CREW ARE O.K.

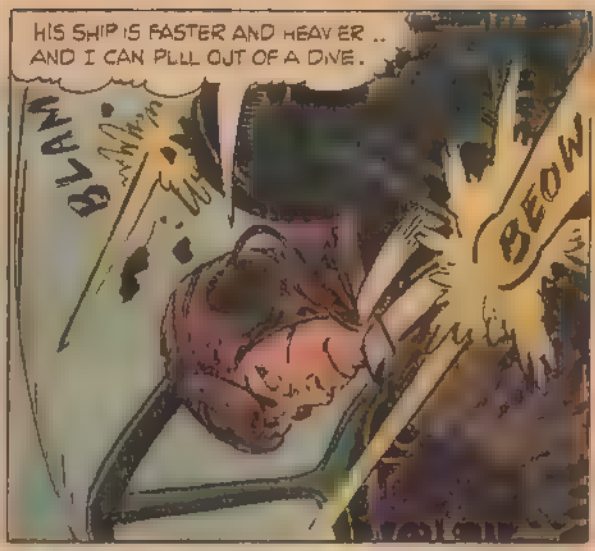

GLAD YOU MADE IT BACK, HANK. WE LOST THREE OUT OF THE NINE SHIPS IN OUR FORMATION. TWO OF THE PILOTS PARACHUTED DOWN BUT THE THIRD ONE, SHULNSKI, DIDN'T.

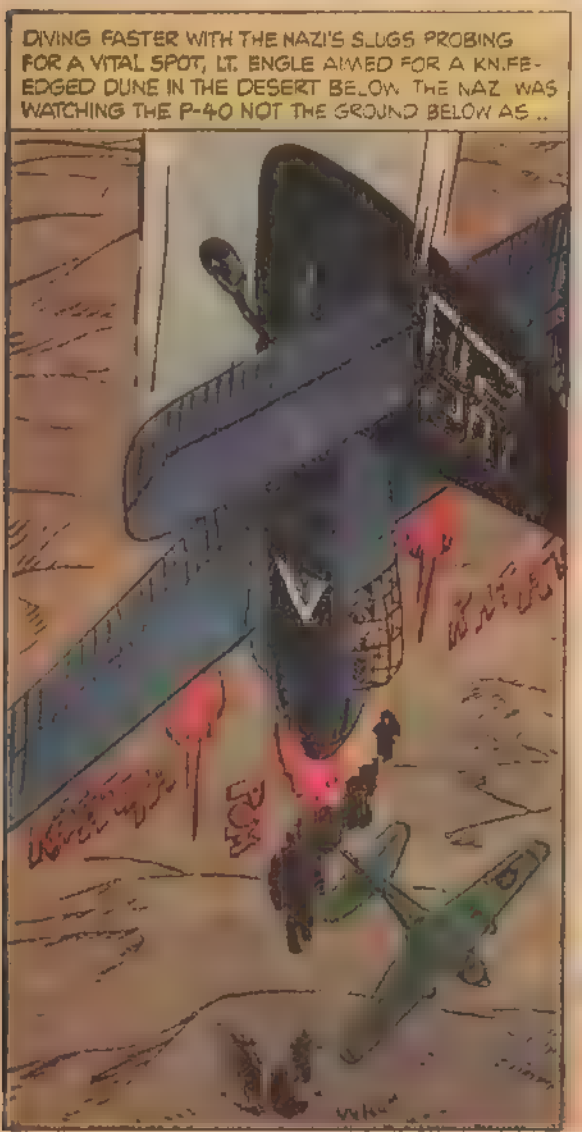

MOST OF THE HAWK PILOTS FELT THE SAME WAY...
...AND THIS JERRY GOT ON MY TAIL AND ALMOST SHOT IT OFF. THEY'RE GOOD.
THEIR PLANES ARE FASTER AND MORE MANEUVERABLE.
REPORT WHILE ITS FRESH
OP
FLIGHT PATH

LET'S FACE IT...I'M A COWARD! IF THE OTHERS EVER FIND OUT HOW FRIGHTENED I AM, I'LL BE LAUGHED OUT OF THE AIR CORPS.

NEXT MORNING, ANOTHER MISSION WAS SCHEDULED. THE LUFTWAFFE KNEW THE U.S. AIR CORPS HAD AN INEXPERIENCED FIGHTER GROUP IN NORTH AFRICA AND THEY WERE OUT IN FORCE, LOOKING FOR EASY PICKINGS!
HERE THEY COME!
THE LEADER IS COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME!
TAKATAKA
TAKATAKA
TAKATAK

HE'LL STAY ON MY TAIL UNTIL HE KILLS ME!
RATATATTA
RATATATTAT


HIS SHIP IS FASTER AND HEAVIER .. AND I CAN PULL OUT OF A DIVE.
BLAM
BEOW


DIVING FASTER WITH THE NAZI'S SLUGS PROBING FOR A VITAL SPOT, LT. ENGLE AIMED FOR A KNIFE-EDGED DUNE IN THE DESERT BELOW. THE NAZ WAS WATCHING THE P-40 NOT THE GROUND BELOW AS ..

POOOM
CRASH

RELUCTANT TO FLY UP WHERE HE'D ENCOUNTER NAZI FIGHTERS, LT. ENGLE FLEW JUST ABOVE THE TRACKLESS SAHARA. HE WAS AMAZED AT THE AMOUNT OF ENEMY ARMOR SCATTERED IN SMALL UNITS...AND HE ATTACKED A FEW, TIMIDLY AT FIRST!
BLAM
GOT A BURST INTO THE TRUCK...WONDER IF .50 CALIBER SLUGS CAN...
BAM
RAT-TAT-TAT-TA
RAT-TA
POK
POK
POK
THEY CAN...AND DID!
BLAM
GRADUALLY, HIS FEAR ABATED, IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED. HE CAME TO KNOW THE DESERT...HE PERFECTED HIS TECHNIQUES FOR ATTACKING ARMOR AND TROOPS IN THE DESERT! THE NAZIS CAME TO KNOW AND DREAD THE SIGHT OF HIS AIRCRAFT!
THE DESERT HAWK ATTACKS! MESSERSCHMITTS, COME AT ONCE!
THE DESERT HAWK! RUN!
RATATATTA
RATATATAT
ENEMY AIRCRAFT...THREE OF THEM! IT HAD TO COME SOONER OR LATER!
ZIP
SPLAT
ZIP

ALWAYS BEFORE, HE'D TURNED HIS P-40 AND RAN... AND A FIGHTER PLANE HAS NO GUNS IN THE TAIL! NOW, HOWEVER, LT. ENGLE COULD FACE THE THOUGHT OF DEATH... AND FUNCTION DESPITE HIS FEAR! HE YANKED HIS PLANE INTO A CLIMBING TURN AND...CAUGHT THE LEADING NAZI IN **HIS CONE OF FIRE!**

BAM

HE'S COMING IN FROM THE LEFT...HE'LL PASS BELOW ME AND DIVE OFF TO MY RIGHT...

...AND IF I DIVE RIGHT, I'LL BE ON HIS TAIL!

MATURING AS A FIGHTER PILOT, LT. ENGLE NEVER GOT OVER HIS FEAR...**BUT HE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH IT!** HE FLEW MORE MISSIONS OVER THE SAHARA, MORE THAN ANY AMERICAN, AND HE BECAME A LEGEND TO ROMMEL'S AFRICA CORPS! ONE OF HIS FEATS WAS TO LAND HIS P-40 ON THE ROAD THROUGH AL-FIBALA PASS...AND HOLD UP A COLUMN OF NAZI ARMOR FOR AN HOUR UNTIL THE BRITISH BROUGHT UP GUNS!

RAT-TA-TAT

THE DESERT HAWK'S BATTLES OVER THE DESERT WERE WOVEN INTO THE LEGEND...BUT ONLY HE KNEW THAT THE GREATEST BATTLE HAD BEEN FOUGHT WITHIN HIMSELF!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TA

RAT-TAT-AT-TAT

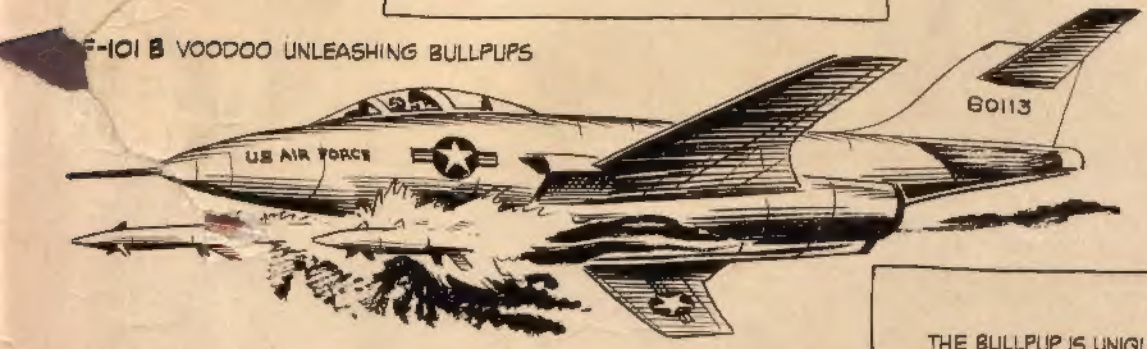
The End.

FIRE POWER

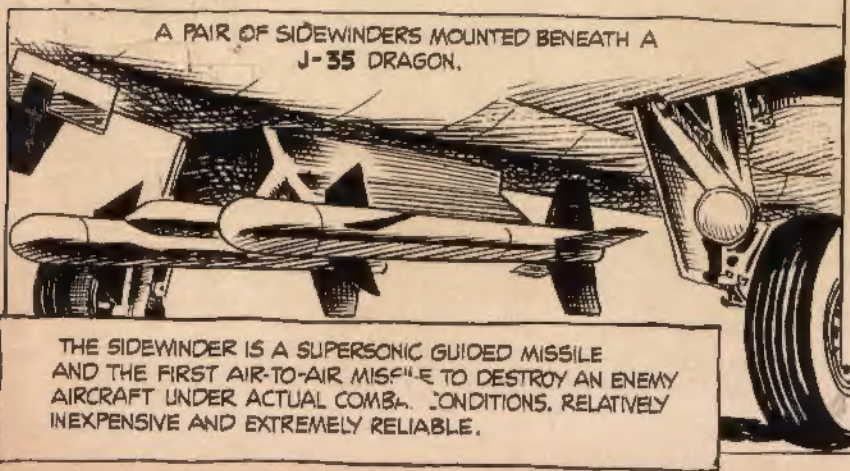
F-4C PHANTOM II WITH ROCKET LAUNCHERS AND NAPALM BOMBS, FIRING VULCAN 40 MM CANNON.

THE F-4C PHANTOM CAN LOAD EIGHT TONS OF ARMAMENT CHOOSING AMONG ROCKETS, 20MM CANNON SHELLS — FIRE BOMBS (NAPALM) 750 LB. BOMBS — SIDEWINDER AIR-TO AIR MISSILES OR BULLPUP AIR-TO SURFACE MISSILES.

F-101 B VOODOO UNLEASHING BULLPUPS



A PAIR OF SIDEWINDERS MOUNTED BENEATH A J-35 DRAGON.



THE BULLPUP IS UNIQUE IN THAT IT COMES TO THE COMBAT AREA "PREPACKAGED" READY FOR ITS WARHEAD, COSTLY AND LONG FUELING PROCEDURES ARE ELIMINATED — IT IS EFFECTIVE AGAINST TANKS, PILL BOXES, BRIDGES AND TRUCK CONVOYS. .

THE SIDEWINDER IS A SUPERSONIC GUIDED MISSILE AND THE FIRST AIR-TO-AIR MISSILE TO DESTROY AN ENEMY AIRCRAFT UNDER ACTUAL COMBAT CONDITIONS. RELATIVELY INEXPENSIVE AND EXTREMELY RELIABLE.

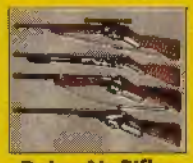
Complete Fishing Outfits

Transistor Radios

Junior Typewriters

Guitars & Ukulele

Wrist Watches

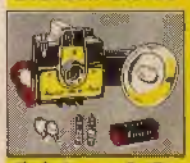

Daisy Air Rifles

Girl's Travel Case

Model Hot Rod Kits

Baseball Gloves

Sleeping Bag


Flash Camera Outfits

Complete Archery Outfit

Gemini Rocket

Chemistry Sets

3-Speed Bicycle

Basketball and Goal

Walkie-Talkie

Knapsacks

Pool Table Set

Diary, Wallet Set

Kodak Instamatic Camera

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William Hanlin
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Everybody wants American Seeds. They're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to family, friends and neighbors. Many boys and girls sell their packs in one day. You can too—and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep $2.50 for every 50-pack order you sell.

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Give the Other to a Friend

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Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 50 packs of American Seeds. I'll sell them at 15c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize. Send seeds checked.

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Address_____

Town_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

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